FRENCH ELECTIONS **CLAUDE BOURDET**

THE NATION

APRIL 12, 1971 *35 cents*

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New York's GOP
THE END OF
LIBERALISM
Paul Hoffman

Legislative Veto
A DODGE TO
END THE DRAFT
Peter J. Ognibene

Burton Bendow / 'The Letters of A. E. Housman'

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LETTERS

propitious moment

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Alan Dershowitz's challenging article, "'Stretch Points' of Liberty" [*The Nation*, Mar. 15], includes a few pessimistic judgments that minimize our realistic potentials. Such is his statement that "It is unlikely . . . that we shall see repeal of the Detention Act in the immediate future." His gloomy forecast reflects ignorance of the encouraging progress being made in the 92nd Congress in support of the Matsunaga-Inouye repeal bills.

In the last Congress, Senator Inouye succeeded in carrying his bill through the Senate without opposition. The House repeal measure, despite 133 co-sponsors, was stymied by the maneuvers of the House Internal Security Committee which kept it off the floor until adjournment. At present, Mr. Matsunaga has already won 148 co-sponsors to a repeal bill; it has been assigned to the Judiciary Committee, which promises speedy action. . . .

It would be a disservice to the civil liberties movement and to those who are working their hearts out for repeal to concede at this propitious moment that the effort is wellnigh hopeless.

Richard Criley
Midwestern Region, National Committee Against Repressive Legislation

aid for Cubans

New York City

DEAR SIRS: It would be useful and informative if *The Nation* followed up Al Burt's article, "Miami: The Cuban Flavor" [Mar. 8], in particular with details on how the $112 million welfare program for Cuban refugees is spent. How, for example, do language training and bilingual instruction for Cubans compare with expenditures for Chicano and Puerto Rican people on a per capita, program-for-program basis? . . . *James D. Garst*

Miami, Fla.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Garst's letter zeros in on the central question, I think, and the one that prompted Representative Clay to get involved.

The $112 million for the program is spent to pay for the airlift itself and expenses, health services, impact aid to schools, special training, surplus food, resettlement to other areas of the country and for care of unaccompanied children.

The letter requests comparable figures for Chicanos and Puerto Ricans nationally and I don't have them (not sure there are any), but Puerto Ricans in this area sometimes feel neglected. There is no specific figure even for the number of Puerto Ricans here; the estimate is 15,000 to 30,000.

About 17 per cent of the Cuban population requires federal assistance. Individual financial aid is a maximum of $65 for one person and $100 for one family. The other services mentioned above take up the rest of the program's budget (administered by HEW, but part of the AID appropriation).

The figures can be misleading because the total is for those requiring assistance, not just for those who arrived in that year. There is a wide range of services (listed above) and number of people to dispense them. *Al Burt*

obedient dancers

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I never thought I'd read an editorial [*The Nation*, Mar. 22] questioning the moral responsibility of the people of my profession (dance). I have felt almost alone

(Continued on page 468)

EDITORIALS

The Calley Verdict

A court-martial jury of six officers, all but one of whom saw combat in Vietnam, aided by a notably fair-minded and intelligent presiding officer (Col. Reid W. Kennedy), has found Lieut. William Calley, Jr. guilty of premeditated murder and other crimes. It was the longest proceeding of its kind in the history of American military justice, and there can be no quarrel with the verdict, reached after long and careful deliberation. As for the sentence, one may safely assume that Calley will become eligible for parole from his life term within seven, or at the most ten, years. Moreover, there are numerous avenues for appeal and ultimately the sentence must be signed by President Nixon, who is certainly aware of the implications of the case for the military hierarchy and for politics in general. Calley is at present a popular figure, widely regarded as a martyr.

In a sense, the verdict is a triumph of justice. The odds strongly favored a whitewash of the higher echelons, with Calley, and perhaps Medina, becoming the scapegoats. But if this was the plan, it failed to reckon with the brilliant and vigorous prosecution conducted by Capt. Aubrey M. Daniel 3rd, who demonstrated beyond cavil that a massacre had indeed occurred, but that its agents could not be limited to those immediately on the scene. Now the Army is on the hook; it cannot possibly ignore the consequences of the verdict. Paradoxically, the trial and conviction of Calley has not disposed of the case; instead, it has made a national issue of the morality of the war. In view of the record that Captain Daniel so painstakingly established, what does—what can—the Army do now?

Neil Sheehan, in a review of a number of books on war crimes in Vietnam (*The New York Times Book Review*, March 28), suggests the correct procedure. The cleansing of the nation's conscience and the future conduct of the most powerful country in the world toward the weaker peoples of the globe "demand a national inquiry into the war crimes question. What is needed is not prison sentences and executions, but social judgments soberly arrived at, so that if these acts are war crimes, future American leaders will not dare to repeat them." The Army, he argues, cannot be expected to do what needs to be done. By the same token, the Nixon Administration is in no position to conduct an investigation of war crimes, for many of which it is directly responsible. The situation requires, as Sheehan urges, a full-scale Congressional investigation, or an investigation by a commission of responsible men appointed by the Congress, to determine whether our intervention in Vietnam itself violated the Nuremberg Principles forbidding wars of aggression.

But the focus of such an inquiry would have to be sharp if responsibility for war crimes is to be meaningfully determined; the enunciation of general principles would not be an adequate deterrent. More important, the scope of such an inquiry would have to be broadened. The "social judgments" called for should bear on the circumstances that caused us to become involved in this wretched war, why we conducted it in such a shameful

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manner, and why, as a people, we have been so reluctant to acknowledge its real character. Townsend Hoopes, former Under Secretary of the Air Force, in a quotation with which Sheehan prefaces his review, touches on the basic issue when he raises the question of how "an entire generation of leaders (and an entire generation of followers)" became so conditioned by the tensions of the cold-war years that they failed to perceive "in 1965 (and later) that the Communist adversary was no longer a monolith." But why does Mr. Hoopes fix 1965, or later, as the time when the public should have perceived the fatal errors of American policy? Why not an earlier date? And why limit the failure of perception merely to one aspect of our obsession—that the adversary was a monolith?

Many cold-war liberals who later turned against the war would now like to have us believe that the wickedness of the Vietnamese policy dates from President Johnson's decision to escalate the fighting. But Vietnam was implicit in the assumptions on which our cold-war policies were originally based. If those assumptions were well grounded, then our intervention in Vietnam was entirely logical—for it was aimed, so we were told, at preventing "a Communist take-over" which, axiomatically, was intolerable and unthinkable. The "social judgment" we most need is how the "crusade against communism" was set in motion, by what forces, through what means, with what *real* ends and purposes in mind.

Of course the Russians contributed to the hateful atmosphere out of which the cold war emerged, but that does not dispose of the necessity for seeing, in clear retrospection, how all God-fearing, loyal, patriotic, law-abiding citizens came to believe that the "adversary" was totally vile, unprincipled, wicked, inhuman, brutal, bent on world conquest, incapable of change or redemption, and so devious and cruel as to justify similar tactics on our part. This image of the adversary was cultivated by the political leadership of both major parties, by religious leaders of all major faiths, and by almost the entire press.

Mr. Hoopes is quite wrong, however, in suggesting that it was an *entire* generation that got so caught up in the frenzies of the cold war that it could not perceive—or did not care to perceive—what was happening. There were those, a remnant of "old leftists" and the like, who refused to join the parade and took a severe political beating for their stubborn nonconformity. What the public requires for adequate understanding is an account of the genesis of America's expansionary policies in the cold-war years. We need a public demonstration of how, under cover of "anti-Communist ideology" (as compulsive in its way as Communist ideology), spurred on by a domestic witch hunt and an economic boom stimulated by heavy military spending, we launched a drive for world markets, buying the collaboration of corrupt regimes, plotting the overthrow of others, spending perhaps a trillion dollars on military programs, and acting as though we had been given a mandate to police the universe.

Poor Calley, voice choked, tears streaming down his cheeks, spoke only the truth when he told his jurors: "They [the military system's spokesmen] never let me believe that communism was just a philosophy in a man's mind. That was my enemy out there."

What we need, then, is a "social judgment" on how

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we permitted cold-war tensions to commit America's power and resources, its energy and leadership, to a sterile policy of containment which in turn prompted us to shore up European colonial regimes, to support corrupt and dictatorial setups in countries such as Spain and Greece and Taiwan, and to improvise client states to suppress revolutionary struggles for independence and statehood. Easing the Dutch out of Indonesia was our last exercise in liberation politics; in Indochina we first supported the French and then decided to succeed them. If Mr. Sheehan's proposed inquiry were broadened to include such matters, then the issue of responsibility could be driven home and the inquiry might serve the purpose he has in mind.

Another 'Historic' Meeting

After waiting fourteen months, thirteen black Congressmen managed to get a "historic" interview with President Nixon. It lasted ninety minutes. The President was patient and polite, the Congressmen were firm and insistent. They left with him sixty recommendations. Such are the figures. What they portend remains to be seen, but the thirteen did penetrate to the sanctum; they finally made it, though hardly at supersonic speed.

But "historic"? The media forgot—if they had ever known—a book titled *Black Man in the White House*, by E. Frederic Morrow, published in 1963. Morrow was the first black Presidential aide; he served in this capacity from 1955 to 1961. His book is in the form of a diary.

Morrow tells how responsible Negro leaders ("Negro" was in general use at that time) tried for months and years to set up an appointment with President Eisenhower —to no avail. It was not until June 19, 1958, the diary notes, that the President finally consented to see such a delegation. They failed, that is, during his whole first term, but succeeded after nearly five and a half years from the time he took office. Morrow comments, "It will be historic—the President's first face-to-face encounter with Negro leaders since he took office."

For want of anything better, the elapsed time in the two cases may be taken as a measure of progress. It took Ike sixty-five months, Nixon only fourteen months. The wheels are turning faster, though hardly fast enough to satisfy even patient blacks.

The earlier historic meeting actually took place on June 23, 1958. It was scheduled for thirty minutes, but "because of its intense interest to the President, it stretched to almost an hour"—grounds for modest jubilation.

In the same document, we learn that Morrow accompanied Vice President Nixon to Accra for Ghana's independence ceremonies in March 1957. It was thought tactful to have a black man in the entourage. On the way to a convocation at the university, Morrow and Nixon bumped into Dr. and Mrs. Martin Luther King, apparently by pure coincidence. Morrow writes that Dr. King had been trying for months to set up an appointment with Nixon. The Vice President politely invited King to call on him in Washington. "I was grateful," Morrow continues, "for the Vice President's ease of manner in handling the difficult situation. Anything less tactful could have made derogatory headlines for the Republicans in the Negro press back home."

Such was the political climate thirteen years ago. From Morrow we also learn the reason for the seemingly astonishing reluctance of Eisenhower and Nixon to meet with and listen to responsible Negro leaders. Essentially, Morrow feels, it has been because the GOP has written off the Negro vote as incurably, hopelessly Democratic. But the reasoning is circular. In the face of such neglect, such lack of interest, what else could have been expected? Or can it be surprising that the thirteen Congressmen who finally met with President Nixon were all Democrats?

Yet this later meeting—whatever the outcome—is not unimportant. Who speaks for American Negroes? The black militants are sharply divided, warring among themselves and further weakening their cause. No national civil rights leader has emerged to succeed King. As we see it, the black Congressmen can with some justification claim to speak for black Americans. Ours is a representative democracy. These men have been *elected,* from districts that are largely black, and they do, to this extent, *represent* their constituents.

Under the circumstances, the best way to select leaders is to turn to those elected. If a leader should arise with unmistakable credentials in some other fashion, he will not go unrecognized. But anyone can put on a black beret and a leather jacket and purport to speak for the Negro people. We have more confidence in the representative leadership of this group of Congressmen. There is a general feeling that Mr. Nixon is standing on the letter of the law and doing little or nothing to break down the economic barriers which bar blacks from the suburbs. The sixty recommendations called for "the eradication of racism," more jobs and more income for blacks, decent housing, end to the Indochinese war, etc. Isn't it significant that so many of the political diseases that afflict America today had to be brought up by these thirteen black Congressmen? It remains to be seen how many of their demands are met—whether even a beginning is made to meet them. Perhaps to a greater extent than Mr. Nixon realizes, the fate of our representative democracy depends on his answers to such questions. He has promised to reply to his black visitors by May 17.

The Biggest Racket

It is the Defense Department's budget, the relations of the generals and admirals with their opposite numbers in Congress, and in the reigning Administration, the connections of the banking fraternity with the great aerospace and armament corporations, and the gentleness with which some of the General Accounting Office watchdogs treat the Defense Department's corporate friends. Almost the only protector of the taxpayer is the Chairman of the Joint Congressional Economic Committee, Sen. William Proxmire, who persuaded the GAO to look into the profit picture of some of the Pentagon's principal suppliers. Senator Proxmire's persuasion was probably none too gentle but, after all, he was only calling on the GAO to do its job. The resulting report, though full of contradictions, makes interesting reading and tends to support Proxmire's

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contention that it is the rule rather than the exception for huge defense contractors to make large profits.

This suspicion is heightened by the fact that, although the GAO is a servant of Congress, its head, Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats, sent aides to brief the Defense Department's Industry Advisory Council before submitting his report to Congress. Thus the big contractors and their bankers were put on guard.

The subject is far too intricate for anything approaching a full appraisal within the scope of an editorial. We do know, however, that cost overruns on sixty-one weapons reached $33.4 billion as of June 30, 1970. We also know that $9.5 billion of this "cost growth," as the Pentagon prefers to call it, took place before any production started. The Pentagon asked Congress for money on the basis of a first estimate—a kind of technological fairy tale—and when preliminary designs were completed it turned out that the amount needed would be $9.5 billion greater.

The big difference in the profit evaluations devolves on whether they should be based on sales or on capital investment, and whether the figures furnished by the contractors reflected the actual situation or were doctored. *Time* (March 8) furnishes the following table:

Pretax Profits	*Contractors' Replies to GAO Questionnaire*	*GAO Study of 146 Contracts*
As percentage of costs	3.9	6.9
As percentage return on total capital	10.2	28.3
As percentage return on equity capital	19.8	56.1

Equity capital is stockholders' equity in the corporation, while total capital includes machinery for production, much of which is furnished by the government.

Of course inflation plays a part, but the GAO report is summed up in the opening paragraph of the story in the March 18th *New York Times*: "A study of defense industry profits released today by the General Accounting Office reports widespread inefficiency and disregard of cost factors by defense contractors." If anything comes of this, the taxpayers can thank, principally, Senator Proxmire, the Friends Committee on National Legislation, and a very few other individuals and organizations.

Image Blues

At the end of March, President Nixon was at San Clemente, where, according to Max Frankel in *The New York Times* of the 30th, he was reviewing the Laos adventure to determine how he might best explain it once again to the American public. Some of his aides, Mr. Frankel reports, are convinced that the President will not alter his judgment that the invasion was worthwhile. But worthwhile for whom or for what? Estimates of South Vietnamese casualties run from 25 to 50 per cent, and we are told (though we are not obliged to believe) that the opposing troops suffered even more grievously. Surely for the troops on both sides, as for the American helicopter pilots, it was not "worthwhile."

But perhaps it can be shown that the invasion (incursion? intrusion?) served Mr. Nixon's troop-withdrawal timetable and gained time for Mr. Thieu to solidify his position in anticipation of the American departure. It is very much to Mr. Nixon's political advantage to "get the boys home" (always excepting pilots and other "specialists" and "advisers") by November of 1972, and to pretend at the same time that Mr. Thieu is at least momentarily the master in the shambles of his own house. We suppose that some balance can be struck between these goals and the toll of dead Asians. If one assumes that it is essential to prove that United States policy in Southeast Asia was correctly conceived and properly executed, then of course no amount of Oriental blood can be thought an excessive price.

We very much hope the President will pre-empt more television time to explain these matters once again. Mr. Nixon, says Frankel, is having pointed out to him that "no one expected the North Vietnamese to be able to reinforce their units in Laos as quickly as they did," but, since rumors of the invasion were being headlined in the American press for weeks before it occurred, we shall be interested to learn why Mr. Nixon and his aides think Hanoi acted with such astonishing celerity.

In general, we approve of Mr. Nixon's TV appearances. In the same issue of the *Times* that carries the story from San Clemente, George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, is quoted as telling a meeting of the National Association of Broadcasters that the networks do not give the President a "square break." In fact, television can no more be fair to Mr. Nixon than whiskey can be fair to a drunkard. The President is incapable of using the medium with moderation, and under its influence he loses whatever dignity is naturally his. On the instant of his appearance before the cameras, the occasion turns into a commercial; his phrases are obviously sales "copy," laboriously polished and memorized to put the "product" in every American mind. But unhappily for him, face-to-face salesmanship is not his forte. The unresolved hand gestures, the dental smile, the self-conscious insertion of vernacular ("to hack it" is the current expression of choice) betray the plight of a man who has tried to learn by rote a skill that is antithetic to his abilities.

Mr. Nixon is the most carefully constructed "image" who has ever occupied the White House, and there is a mocking justice in the circumstance that TV has always been his nemesis. Whenever he appears on it, he hurts himself, and yet he is compulsively driven to seek in it the solution to his problems. So we welcome his early return to the cameras, to explain why that slaughter in Laos was "worthwhile," and hope that this time his rating will be higher than it was for the evening with Howard K. Smith.

Hard Case

Lawyers have a saying that hard cases make bad law, meaning that, however certain cases are resolved, the result will be an unsatisfactory precedent. The choice between extending the draft or letting the present Act expire and substituting an all-volunteer force is a hard case in this sense. There are dangers and objections to an all-volunteer force; there are even more immediate objections to an extension of Selective Service. What it comes down to is that in the present political setting, the best practical choice is to let the present Act expire (see article p. 467).

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Family Man

In the past year or so, television has been running a number of commercials in which dark complexioned and excitable persons hawked products in manifestly Italian comic accents. Since the spots were designed to stimulate sales, the dialogue was obviously intended to be endearing. But Americans of Italian background were not beguiled, and the fad is being dropped from TV. Quite right. A half century ago, the newsstand of every railroad station in the country was decorated with joke books—Irish Jokes, Jewish Jokes, Scotch Jokes (a rather monotonous collection of instances of frugality), Negro Jokes, Chinese Jokes. These are all long vanished, and the loss to public merriment is greatly outweighed by the relief of embarrassment and pain to those who identified with the various groups thus lampooned.

Racial and ethnic slurs, intentional or unconscious, have largely disappeared from public speech and are entirely gone from the responsible press (this magazine last used the word "gyp" about fifteen years ago, when a man of Romany background wrote in to remind us of its etymology). Bigotry has not thus been wiped off the American scene, but its departure has been hastened.

That brings us to the family of Joseph Colombo and an organization it founded some months ago called the Italian-American Civil Rights League (IACRL). The IACRL objects to those funny TV spots, but it objects much more vehemently to the use of the terms Mafia and Cosa Nostra as identifications of certain aspects of organized crime. Mr. Colombo and his sons maintain that the organizations to which the names apply are entirely fictional and evidence that the agencies of law enforcement in the country are virulently prejudiced against Italian-Americans. As proof of the malevolent absurdity of the terminology, the IACRL invites us to consider that Joseph Colombo, a man who has been in almost constant trouble with the law since World War II, has been publicly named as the head of a Mafia family.

The facts are that Mr. Colombo has been indicted more often than he has been convicted, and that his terms in jail have not been long or many. As far as we know, he is what he says he is—a Brooklyn real estate man who has earned between $7,000 and $23,000 in recent years (at present he faces trial for income-tax evasion). What impresses us, and what must impress organizations devoted to preserving the good names of other identifiable minorities, is the stunning success of IACRL. Its first major rally drew 100,000 demonstrators, and an uncounted number of prominent politicians, to Columbus Circle; a Madison Square Garden benefit led by Frank Sinatra last November netted the league close to $500,000; just last month a $125-a-plate testimonial dinner to Joseph Colombo was attended by 1,300 paying guests. The league has now amassed such large funds that it talks of building an Italian-American hospital, old-age home and narcotics-treatment center on 10.5 acres it is eyeing in Brooklyn.

Since the founding of IACRL, Attorney General Mitchell has instructed the Justice Department to forswear the words Mafia and Cosa Nostra, the terms have been dropped from an FBI television show, the humorous commercials have disappeared and Al Ruddy, producer of the forthcoming movie, *The Godfather,* not only agreed, after talking with Anthony Colombo, one of the sons, to slice the offending terms from the script but, in a moment of atonement for even considering their inclusion, volunteered to donate the proceeds of the film's première to the league (Paramount, which is releasing the picture, canceled that act of benevolence). Few moderately successful real estate men in the country have done so much in so short a time for their people, and one would like to know the secret of Mr. Colombo's success.

Many Italian-Americans who cannot conceivably be connected with crime under whatever name have rallied to the IACRL because of the legitimate grievances cited above. One who has not, however, is New York State Sen. John Marchi, who wrote Mr. Ruddy a scathing letter, asserting that he, the Italian-Americans and the community at large had been "had." The IACRL does not object to the term "organized crime" and Marchi makes the point that, if Mafia and Cosa Nostra are to be banned and the less explicit term used in their stead, "organized crime" will merely become a euphemism for Italian crime. Since we know that "crime in the streets" has become a euphemism for black crime, he may very well be right. But at least no one can go around saying that Joseph Colombo is the head of a family in an organization that has been officially declared nonexistent.

STRIKES AND HARVESTS

Why Chavez Spurns the Labor Act

RONALD B. TAYLOR
Mr. Taylor is a California newsman and free-lance writer who has covered farm labor and related subjects in the San Joaquin Valley for the last decade.

A coalition of California farm groups, with the apparent support of the Nixon and Reagan Administrations, now wants to bring agriculture under the National Labor Relations Act. Since for thirty-five years it has been the policy to deprive farm workers of NLRA protection, this would seem to be a major shift of position.

However, closer inspection of the proposals being formulated in California and Washington, reveals that a lot of strings are being securely attached. Simply put, the growers in California—and other farm states—want to amend the NLRA to protect *farmers* from the likes of Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee.

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In Sacramento an *ad hoc* committee representing seven major farm organizations is drafting a state farm labor relations bill. Committee Chairman Robert Brown hopes the bill will be passed this spring. It is part of a "game plan" calling for similar legislative efforts in twenty-five states. Farm leaders believe that such state actions will put additional pressures on Congress to pass a "favorable" farm labor relations amendment to the NLRA.

The choice of Brown, who is executive director of the California Taxpayers Association, to head the farmers' *ad hoc* committee raised eyebrows. Some observers believe it indicates that the large conservative farm groups may be picking up support from the state's big taxpayers —from those big industries and industrialists that support Reagan.

In California, farmers and Governor Reagan's agricultural advisers have kept the *ad hoc* committee out of sight. Without fanfare, the state Agriculture Department had Brown present the committee proposals to the state Board of Agriculture, whose chairman, Allan Grant, is a Reagan appointee and a member of Brown's committee. Grant is also president of the California Farm Bureau Federation and a board director of the American Farm Bureau. He recently visited all the farm states, helping to coordinate the labor legislation.

Grant's work is also being coordinated through the National Council of Agriculture Employers, based in Washington. During the NCAE's recent annual convention in Atlanta, farmers from thirty-seven states heard a top U.S. Department of Labor official say that one of President Nixon's "major legislative goals" would be a farm legislative package "similar to the NLRA"—but one that recognizes the unique nature of farming.

All this activity may be read as evidence that the economic power of Cesar Chavez, especially the UFWOC's boycott tactic, is causing some large, diverse farm groups to unite against the threat that farm labor will learn militancy in other crop areas, and in other states. The farmers feel threatened and want legislative protection.

Farm spokesmen, at least in California, now recognize that the patently anti-labor bill drafted by lawyers from a public relations firm hired by the growers and introduced last year by former Sen. George Murphy was naive. The leadership in the latest legislative drive is more pragmatic. As one farmer put it, "The 'no strike at harvest' clauses don't have a snowball's chance in hell of passing."

Listening to *farm* leaders talking about the NLRA and NLRB and collective bargaining and secret ballots for union recognition is a bit disconcerting. It is made more so by Chavez's rejection of the NLRA, as it has been amended by the Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin Acts. Chavez's primary objection to the NLRA is its prohibition of secondary boycotts. The traditional strike tactics, which NLRA permits, have failed to bring farmers to the bargaining table; but the boycott, as the UFWOC has applied it across the nation, works. Chavez says, "The NLRA (as amended) would take away the only nonviolent tools available to us." By rejecting NLRA, he opposes both the farmer and the AFL-CIO. (The AFL-CIO supports efforts to bring farm labor under the NLRA, but both Chavez and AFL-CIO leaders have, at least publically, avoided a showdown on this issue.)

Thus the stage seems set for a legislative battle. The goals of the farmers and of both the Nixon and Reagan Administrations are essentially the same. While no specific language had been revealed at the time this was written, it seemed obvious that at least the federal proposals would be similar to those first put forward last year by former Secretary of Labor George Shultz.

In recent talks, Assistant Secretary of Labor W. J. Usery and Under Secretary Laurence Silverman have

given these broad outlines: The Administration package would exempt small farmers (Shultz mentioned the hiring of 500 man-days of labor in a peak quarter as the line between large and small); it would establish union recognition procedures, and it would define unfair labor practices. Secondary boycotts would be outlawed.

While growers say that they are willing to give up the "no strike at harvest" clauses, Labor Department officials talk of "protecting" perishable crops from strikes, while, somehow, guaranteeing the workers the right to strike. The collective bargaining machinery Shultz proposed would require unions to give ten days' notice of intent to strike. The grower then could seek a thirty-day cooling-off and fact-finding period that would end in arbitration binding on the grower. However, if the union disliked the arbitrator's findings, it would be free to strike.

A top AFL-CIO official in Washington commented: "We fought the Shultz thing last time. It was absolute nonsense. Their proposals wouldn't bring farm workers under the protection of the NLRA, and it is a fraud to imply differently."

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Shultz's proposal would work to the disadvantage of the farm workers; they seldom have ten days' lead time on any single job, and any one of them who has thirty days of employment on the same ranch is indeed fortunate. For the strike to be an effective weapon, it must be applied to the grower's disadvantage. That means strike at harvest, or some other critical period in the growing season. It does little good to guarantee the right to strike if an amended NLRA delays the strike until after the harvest, when most workers are laid off.

News of the coordinated national attempt to get protective legislation emerged in mid-January, when grower Mike Schultz told the *Los Angeles Times* that California farmers were willing to accept NLRA coverage. Schultz is vice president of the Western Growers Association and a member of the anti-Chavez, anti-boycott Free Marketing Council. He is also a member of the *ad hoc* committee formulating the California farm labor relations legislative proposal.

Schultz told the *Times* that farmers would give up the "no strike at harvest" idea and their opposition to union shops. He said the committee would propose a special five-member farm labor relations board to administer the state "Little Wagner Act." (Former Labor Secretary Shultz had proposed a special three-member national farm labor relations board.)

Farmer Schultz also told the *Times* that "Growers now figure they [workers] can go union as long as they [farmers] can run their own business. Now we want some stability and for this reason, we've changed our position." While Schultz did not reveal many other details, his statement to *Times* labor writer Harry Bernstein upset his colleagues. Brown, when he returned from the National Council of Agriculture Employers convention in Atlanta, said he was "disturbed" by Schultz's comments. "We're not trying to keep anything from the press, but now wasn't the time to be talking."

Brown said the committee hopes to "work with" organized labor to produce legislation that can be accepted by both labor and management. Asked if this meant working with Chavez, or other UFWOC leadership, Brown said, "No. He [Chavez] is not involved in the legislative field. And frankly we find some leaders in organized labor are concerned about Chavez's tactics." Brown explained that the labor leaders he had in mind were those "who have worked around Sacramento, historically."

The membership of Brown's committee includes representatives from the farm bureau, the Western Growers Association, the Free Marketing Council, the California Grape and Tree Fruit League, the Agriculture Council of California and two large grower-operated labor procurement organizations. Richard Johnson, committee member from the Agriculture Council of California, said: "Hopefully, we [the committee] speak on behalf of all agriculture. We had hoped to remain low key, working behind the scenes to help develop a practical legislative approach that both grower and worker could accept."

That is wishful thinking. For two years now Chavez has repeatedly explained why the NLRA, as amended by Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin, would weaken the UFWOC's economic power. The key of course is the secondary boycott. A single, 11,000-acre farm may be sprawled over three counties; it probably grows several crops and employs several labor forces. Such operations are too big and too diversified to be brought under effective economic pressure by the strike tactics allowed by the NLRA. Chavez feels he must be free to employ his own kind of nonviolent economic muscle in the only place where the growers are vulnerable, the wholesale and retail markets of the nation. He isn't likely to agree to amendments that would further weaken the UFWOC power base. And passing amendments unacceptable to Chavez and the UFWOC isn't likely to bring peace to the fields and orchards. Chavez has shown complete willingness to go to jail.

He makes it perfectly clear that he wants a return to the 1935 Wagner Act that created the original, pro-union national labor relations mechanisms. "This was a pro-labor law and the Roosevelt administration was pro-labor. Without the Wagner Act the big unions of today would never have made it. All we want is the same chance," Chavez said.

What will the outcome be? It is hard even to venture a guess. The farm groups, as they unify their programs through the farm states, will exert a lot of power. Chavez has strong urban political support, but at least some of his champions believe with the AFL-CIO that farm labor belongs under the NLRA. The AFL-CIO—nominally the parent of the UFWOC—has no real control over Chavez. When he announced his opposition to NLRA coverage, he caught the top AFL-CIO officials by surprise.

Yet Chavez's alternative, the return to the 1935 Wagner Act, is politically naive; he would be hard pressed to find much support for such a proposal in Congress. And because naïveté is the last quality that one associates with Chavez, his position raises more questions than it answers. It is possible that he wants *no* change. The UFWOC's boycott tactics have created enough economic havoc to force growers to shift positions several times. Any legislative measure would require compromise and compromise would weaken the UFWOC's economic leverage.

If this possibility is in fact the UFWOC position, there is some wry humor in it. Imagine the farmer's fighting to get in under the protections of the NLRA, and the workers in the UFWOC struggling to stay outside just a bit longer—long enough to gain the economic strength they need to stand in the ranks of organized labor. □

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NEW YORK'S GOP

THE END OF LIBERALISM

PAUL HOFFMAN
Mr. Hoffman is a free-lance journalist who has reported on politics in Albany and New York City.

The death of Thomas E. Dewey marked the end of an era in New York State politics. In his Presidential sallies, Dewey may have been a "soufflé," to use Alice Roosevelt Longworth's phrase, but in New York he built the most powerful state Republican Party in the nation, a patronage-dispensing and vote-gathering machine that rivaled Tammany at its most triumphant. When Dewey entered office in 1943, the state had been Democratic for twenty years. Since then, except for the four-year intervention of Averell Harriman, it has been Republican—for three terms under Dewey and four under Nelson A. Rockefeller.

Both Dewey and Rockefeller prevailed by fusing the Old Guard GOP organizations upstate with the Republicans' liberal establishment in New York City. As Warren Moscow noted in *Politics in the Empire State* twenty years ago: "The GOP had been plagued for years by the fact that its basic rural vote would not come to the polls . . . for an urban New Yorker, and the city voters . . . never showed any enthusiasm for an upstate 'apple-knocker.' Dewey seemed the answer to the party's prayer. He could get votes in both places." So could Rockefeller.

Getting the vote meant reshaping the organization. The Republican bastions in the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, along the southern tier and on the outer reaches of Long Island are as conservative as Kansas. Throughout the first four decades of the century their control of the state party had given it a balance far to the Right. It was no accident that two of the three Republican obstructionists whom FDR singled out in his famous cadence, "Martin, Barton and Fish," were New York Congressmen.

Dewey and Rockefeller realized that the GOP could win state elections only by cutting into the normally Democratic big-city vote. That implied liberal programs. The secret of success was illustrated by the anecdote Charles Goodell used to tell of himself. After receiving his appointment as Senator at a ceremony in Albany, he asked: "How do I get back to Washington?" "Go to New York City and turn Left" was the answer. Unfortunately for Goodell, it didn't work in 1970.

Both Governors managed to push through their programs by gaining a stranglehold on the party organization. Again Moscow: "As Governor, he [Dewey] assumed complete control of his party. County leaders who opposed him were broken by cold, hard-bitten use of the patronage powers of the Governor's office. Legislators suffered a similar fate. He brooked no interference." Rockefeller has been equally ruthless—and he has even been prepared to "buy" the Democratic votes he needed to push his programs through. An upstate Democratic Assemblyman who broke ranks to give Rockefeller the margin for a sales-tax increase in 1969 popped up a few months later in a $27,500 sinecure at the Civil Service Commission. Dewey and Rockefeller also enhanced their control by their hold on finances—Dewey through his connections with the GOP establishment, Rockefeller through his family fortune.

They used their power to make the New York party the most progressive Republican organization in the country and a force for liberalism in the GOP nationally. Dewey twice thwarted the Presidential ambitions of Robert A. Taft and persuaded the Republicans to turn their backs on isolationism; more recently, Rockefeller led the fight against the extremism of Goldwater and the standpattism of Nixon.

Now this era of Republican liberalism is ending. On issues like SST, ABM and Vietnam, there is scarcely a hair's difference between Rockefeller and the Nixon Administration. That marks no change in Rockefeller: he has always been a hawk in chic clothing, though some failed to see beneath the trappings. On welfare reform and revenue sharing, he would go beyond the President, but he supports Nixon's proposals.

Such stands are in Rockefeller's self-interest as Governor of a financially hard-pressed state. More important, they are in his self-interest as a politician who still aspires to the Presidency. He's hinted he's "available," should Nixon step down in 1972, and there's no doubt he's keeping the springboard in bounce. He tried the liberal road to the nomination three times—and failed; coming on as a conservative couldn't hurt now.

Rockefeller has been pursuing an equally conservative course on state issues. In the last three legislative sessions, he has announced no sweeping new programs. In part, again, it is a matter of money. "The cupboard is bare," he has repeatedly put it. In addition, there is the fact that the whip he once held over Republican lawmakers has passed to the Conservative Party.

The Conservative Party was founded in 1962 to offer right-wing New York Republicans an alternative to Rockefeller's tax and spending policies. By 1970, it had sent Sen. James Buckley to Washington. Its turning point came in 1968 when it elected two Assemblymen (with GOP support), and half a dozen Republicans won only with votes they received on the Conservative line. These Assemblymen—elected on platforms diametrically opposed to Rockefeller's—hold the balance of power in the legislature. Time and again, they have forced Rockefeller and the Republican legislative leadership to accede to their demands—cutbacks in welfare, restrictions on sex education, limitations on rent control, and a measure (known as the anti-bussing bill) curbing the power of school officials to integrate urban and suburban schools.

For four years the Democrats had kept the anti-bussing bill bottled up in committee. In 1966, Rockefeller privately praised the Democratic Assembly Speaker, Anthony J. Travia, now a federal judge, for preventing a vote on the explosive issue. "If that bill had come out, it would have passed," he explained, "and I would have had

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to veto it. And that would have cost me the election." In 1969, with a Republican-Conservative coalition in control, the bill came out and passed—and Rockefeller signed it.

The incident illustrates what many have long felt—that Rockefeller is a pure pragmatist. He likes to call himself a "problem-solver"; the favorite word in his vocabulary is "doable," a term that makes his writers wince. He has no ideology; he holds to no fixed positions; he will sell out any cause he's ever espoused to win what he wants at the moment.

At this moment, that means standing pat and trying to stretch a tight budget. But Rockefeller is, by nature, a "doer" whose accomplishments generally take physical form. In twelve years, he expanded the State University into a multi-campus institution, the largest in the nation; he built enough highways to stretch, he boasted, from the Hudson to Hawaii; and he started the South Mall in Albany, a $1 billion boondoggle rivaling the pyramids of Cheops in ponderous uselessness.

"He's done a lot—he'll do more" was the campaign slogan that last year carried Rockefeller to an unprecedented fourth term by a record 714,000-vote margin over Arthur Goldberg. But now he's blocked from doing, and some observers detect in him a restlessness to move on. "One must assume that he will not serve it out," William F. Buckley, Jr. wrote just before the election. "After a while being Governor of New York becomes repetitious, and there is a restless strain in Nelson Rockefeller which is easy to spot, and which is likely to lure him to Washington. At that point [Lieutenant Governor] Malcolm Wilson will take over as Governor."

According to one top Republican, Rockefeller "made a promise to Malcolm that he'd retire before the end of the term." Both Rockefeller and Wilson deny any such understanding. "I am the only person in the world who could never discuss with the Governor what his plans would be because I am directly related to that judgment," Wilson said. And Rockefeller: "Of all the speculations, this is the least, as Malcolm might say, efficacious."

Efficacious or not, the rumor persists. The most often voiced speculation is that Rockefeller might succeed Secretary of State Rogers in the second Nixon Administration. Given Rockefeller's ill-disguised Presidential ambitions, nothing is likely to happen until after the 1972 election. But the battle for his succession is already shaping up.

Wilson has been Lieutenant Governor since 1958. "I've been No. 2 longer than Avis," he likes to boast. With twenty years as Assemblyman from Yonkers before he became Lieutenant Governor, he has completed thirty-two years in state elective office—longer, he claims, than any other man in New York history.

Though he remains unknown to most New Yorkers, Wilson is a type familiar in Statehouses around the country—the consummate politician, the pure political animal. "He's the Richard Nixon of New York State politics," said a Conservative chieftain. "He's got as many IOUs out as anyone in the state's history." "He's my kind of guy," said a Westchester Democrat. "I'd love to work with him—if he was on my side. He's a real pro." Ask the pros of any party about Wilson and they answer with adjectives like "able," "articulate," "knowledgeable," "hard-working"

Nelson Rockefeller

and "effective." Also "Catholic" and "conservative"—always "conservative."

Wilson was born in New York City, raised in Yonkers and educated wholly in Catholic schools. After graduation, he entered the bar and politics almost simultaneously. A teetotaler and a diligent worker, he soon gained admittance to the coterie of upstate Republicans who ran the legislature. Like many of them, he proved adept at turning his political connections to private profit. The White Plains law firm which he heads is now Westchester's largest. He tied his political fortune to Rockefeller and was rewarded with the lieutenant governorship. For most of his tenure, he has had to endure the obscurity of second place, but since Rockefeller's swing to the Right, he has wielded power in the Governor's shadow.

As a top New York City official put it: "Every time we talk to the Governor's people, we get the line, 'It's going to be tough—he's getting a lot of pressure from Malcolm.' " For his part, Wilson has little empathy with New York City and no love at all for Mayor John Lindsay. He was a counselor to Lindsay's Republican rival in 1969, state Sen. John Marchi. "I believe that John Lindsay, in an objective way, has not been a good Mayor of the City of New York," he says. "And I resent what I regard as his cavalier treatment of the man in government who has done most to help him solve his problems, namely Nelson Rockefeller."

In the annual satirical shows staged by the correspond-

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ents in Albany, Wilson is portrayed as a magnificent anachronism—"Thoroughly Modern Malcolm," a relic of the past who speaks in polysyllabic circumlocutions. The caricature is not far from the truth. Wilson keeps his hair close-cropped and his ties are barely an inch wide. In the Space Age, he remains a nervous air passenger.

His speaking style recalls the days when a political spellbinder worked without a microphone and held his audience with the sound of his voice and the roll of his words—never mind *what* he said. Even in casual conversation, the Wilsonian rhetoric has the sonority of a stump speech: "This is a vestigial remainder of an ancient practice which is sanctified only by its hoary tradition and is not, to borrow a phrase from the youthful generation, relevant to our times." He was talking about the *voir dire*—the time-consuming process whereby lawyers question prospective jurors—but some might apply the words aptly to Wilson himself.

The Lieutenant Governor has maintained good rapport with the Conservatives. Said the party's vice chairman, Kieran O'Doherty: "There's no doubt if Malcolm Wilson is seeking the Republican nomination for governor, he would seek and hope to obtain the Conservative nomination." O'Doherty left little doubt that Wilson would get it.

Wilson himself makes no bones about his ambition: "Having served in state government as long as I have, I would welcome the opportunity and privilege of serving the people as their governor. In the same breath I say, I have no timetable." Nor does he have a definite program: "Government is a dynamic thing. You make your best judgments in the conditions that exist at the time. I am not sitting back with any major proposal that I want to carry the flag on."

Most observers feel that Wilson's accession to the GOP leadership in the state would end the liberal hegemony of thirty years. Rockefeller has no such fears. He acknowledges that Wilson is the most conservative member of his inner circle. But, "You cannot make assumptions that because a person has represented a certain point of view or reflected it, that if in office, in power, he might always indulge in the same luxuries."

Wilson maintains that, like Rockefeller, he is a non-ideological problem solver: "I know of no plan that fits into a framework of political or philosophical orientation which really is useful in solving a problem. I am variously called, depending on what the frame of reference is, a 'conservative,' a 'reactionary,' a 'moderate.' I've even been called a 'liberal'—that's not as often as the others. All I can say is—like Popeye, I am what I am."

Wilson's chief rival for the succession is Assembly Speaker Perry B. Duryea, Jr. Duryea is the personification of the businessman turned politician. Tall and ramrod straight, somewhat stuffy on the rostrum, he is a stickler for decorum and procedure. On the political spectrum, he places himself "a little to the Right" of Rockefeller.

Duryea was born to politics. His father, who founded a wholesale lobster firm in Montauk, at the far tip of Long Island, after World War I, served as GOP town leader, state Senator and conservation commissioner under Dewey. After college and the Navy in World War II, the younger Duryea took over direction of the family firm. He was elected to the legislature in 1960 and commuted to Albany in his twin-engine Piper Aztec. In 1965, he moved up to the minority leadership and in 1969, when the GOP recaptured control, he became Speaker.

He has the look of a leader. His bearing—at least in public—is formal. "One of the personality paradoxes of Perry," said an associate, "is that he has great warmth in dealing with people on an individual basis and an air that borders on haughty when speaking to a group." This air caused Travia to label him "Pious Perry" and he used to torment his legislative rival by tracing a halo with his finger.

Perhaps the paradox can be explained. Duryea's background is not suburban but "Down East"—Montauk has more in common with Cape Cod and Maine than with the bedroom suburbs of Long Island. Beneath the veneer of urbanity, Duryea is a flinty New Englander. He tries to keep Assembly sessions as efficient and decorous as a business board meeting. He considers his chief accomplishment to be the restructuring of the Assembly's committee system.

But "restructuring" for what? Duryea has no clear-cut political program. As one Republican put it: "Perry is more concerned with how the mill is working than with what it's producing." One program is known—his own advancement. It's an open secret that he has his eye set on the governorship, a goal that has put him in the ring with Wilson. In February, the two men delivered Lincoln Day speeches to rival GOP organizations in Brooklyn.

Wilson has already signed up much of the GOP's Old Guard, forcing Duryea to work the middle and Left. It could prove a tough task. Like Wilson, Duryea is more at ease with those on the Right of the political spectrum. Like Wilson, he has few links with the GOP establishment in New York City and little liking for John Lindsay, though he professes great sympathy for the problems of the city. New Yorkers who know better disagree. "The city is expendable to Perry," said one Democrat. "He has no hesitation about solving his personal problems at the expense of the city."

At the moment, no challenger is visible in the liberal lists, no one to carry the colors of the GOP establishment as Rockefeller and Dewey did. For a while, there was John Lindsay. The story of his relations with Rockefeller tells much of the end of liberalism in the New York GOP.

From the moment of his election as Mayor in 1965, Lindsay was bound to clash with Rockefeller; the conflict is inherent in the jobs. But beyond the normal opposition of interests between chief executives of two contending constituencies is the political rivalry of two ambitious men, each seeking to lead the liberal wing of the Republican Party and, ultimately, to determine the destinies of the nation. And adding to the hostility is the intangible factor of personal chemistry; when Lindsay and Rockefeller are stuck in the same room sparks begin to fly.

The sparks were struck as soon as Lindsay took office—and Mike Quill's Transit Workers walked off the job. Rockefeller felt that Lindsay had deliberately "bucked" the problem to him. "The charisma and the pose is all," a Rockefeller aide said of Lindsay. "He punts the first

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time he gets the ball." This feeling was reinforced with each passing crisis.

It found full flower in the city's tax crisis later that year. To Rockefeller, Lindsay seemed more interested in scoring points with the public than in securing a settlement. He told an interviewer: "John Lindsay has brought a new style to American politics—cantankerous." The Governor was baffled by Lindsay's brand of "confrontation" politics. "I can't understand Lindsay," he told an associate. "How can he operate like this?" It was a far cry from Rockefeller's relations with Robert Wagner, Lindsay's Democratic predecessor.

The eventual tax settlement was a Rockefeller triumph. "The Governor simply decided there was going to be a resolution and he locked everybody up until he got it," recalled one participant at the three-day marathon at the Governor's Mansion in Albany. It was the type of personal dealing at which Rockefeller excels, and it left Lindsay reluctant to participate in similar sessions in the future. Said one Rockefeller aide, "The Governor does not respect Lindsay's capacity to do things man to man."

From Lindsay's viewpoint, the reluctance arises from a different way of looking at things. Where Rockefeller sees a "problem," Lindsay sees a "crisis." Problems can be patched over; crises must be resolved. Lindsay sees Rockefeller's method as one that produces patchwork compromises that do not deal with causes.

Since that week in June 1966, the Lindsay-Rockefeller relationship has been a constant game of one-upmanship. During the garbage strike of 1968, Lindsay asked the Governor to call out the National Guard; instead, Rockefeller made a final effort at settlement and got Lindsay and the jailed union leaders to agree to a mediation panel. It looked as if the old wizard had plucked another rabbit out of his hat. Not quite: Lindsay rejected the settlement and was applauded; Rockefeller was pilloried for "knuckling under to labor."

It made no difference that the strike was eventually settled on terms close to those originally rejected; Rockefeller felt that he had been double-crossed. The only satisfaction he received from the incident came a year later, when he watched Lindsay admit in his TV campaign commercial: "I made a mistake on the garbage. . . ." A Lindsay aide said, "Rockefeller saw the strike only as an isolated problem to get out of the way. We saw the settlement as setting a precedent for the fire and police negotiations, which were coming up. We had to reject it."

The Governor's aides felt that Lindsay's stand killed Rockefeller's Presidential campaign. "Before the garbage strike, Rockefeller was high in the polls," one said. "After it, we got murdered." In the Lindsay camp, such statements were dismissed as scapegoating. "You know why he lost the nomination," said one Lindsay man, "and so do I—and so does he. He lost it because he shilly-shallied for two months trying to decide whether to get in or get out."

Lindsay's actions in the campaign further strained his relations with Rockefeller. Though he supported and campaigned for Rockefeller, many of the Governor's people thought Lindsay was more interested in advancing himself—for either spot on the ticket in 1968 or for the Presidency in 1972.

The Presidential bickering had a farcical epilogue when Rockefeller came to fill the Senatorial seat of the late Robert F. Kennedy. He announced that it was Lindsay's —for the asking. The Mayor felt himself insulted. One aide said it smacked of the Hudson River patroon forcing the peasants to come on bended knee and beg favors. The Mayor replied in kind, saying that Rockefeller should make the appointment—and then he'd decide whether or not to accept. One Republican who has worked for both men called the whole affair "childish." That it couldn't have been settled beforehand in a private phone call is an indication of how strained relations had become.

The rupture became complete in 1969. Lindsay ran for a second term as Mayor, lost the Republican primary but won the election on the Liberal line. Rockefeller supported Lindsay in the primary but, as titular leader of the party, backed the GOP nominee Marchi in the election. Lindsay got his revenge the following year when he endorsed Goldberg over Rockefeller. It may have been a kiss of death. One Democrat estimated that Lindsay's support cost Goldberg half a million votes.

It has become a new political axiom that Lindsay's popularity is directly proportional to the distance from New York City, yet it's unlikely that the Mayor, if he aspired to be governor, could pick up much support among upstate Republicans in a race against Wilson or Duryea. In the first place, he has antagonized them by his attacks on Rockefeller and the regulars. Second, the loss of a home-town primary does not recommend a man to party pros who want a winner. Few give Lindsay a chance in a statewide primary—and still less if New York returns to the convention system.

This year, Lindsay's aides have been busy floating trial balloons about his switching parties and entering the Democratic Presidential primaries. "Some of us who believe in John Lindsay feel . . . we'd rather switch than fight," said Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio. It may be wishful thinking. Lindsay's path to the Presidency would be as thorny on the Democratic side as on the Republican. Though some Democrats—especially the patronage-hungry party bosses—would welcome him, others are ice-cold; even the reformers, who backed Lindsay as the least of three evils in the mayoral race, deplore a possible Presidential sally. Lindsay himself scoffs that party labels are now "irrelevant," but insists: "I'm a Republican and I'll stay an enrolled Republican. I think that switching parties would be regarded by most as an opportunistic and cynical act."

Though he may remain a Republican, circumstances have made it impossible for Lindsay to mount a campaign for leadership of the state and the state GOP. "My commitment is to the city," he has declared. Not just New York City—all cities. He has projected himself as the national spokesman for urban America. The title of his book, *The City,* reflects this stand. Its text is a polemic on The City vs. the System, couched in crisis rhetoric: "Time has run out. Our cities will either be saved—now—or they will not be saved at all." As Lindsay sees it, to take on the chores of running the state and the state party would mean abandoning the cause of the city.

Nor does he have the machinery to mount the challenge.

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His dependence on dissident Democrats and Liberals for re-election forced him to create an administration that is fusion in fact as well as name. The bulk of his troops are no longer Republican. Worse for the cause, fusion has decimated the ranks of liberal Republicans in New York City, absorbing some into the multi-partisan city administration, driving others into the arms of the Old Guard. Goldwater and Nixon have helped to complete the process. In Lindsay's native Manhattan, long the spawning ground of liberal Republicans, the GOP ranks are reduced to one state Senator, who has kept his seat only with the support of the Liberal Party. Lindsay's old "Silk Stocking" district has gone Democratic in the past two elections.

Barring the unlikely arrival of an outsider—someone like former HEW Secretary John Gardner—there is no one else to carry the cause. Both Sen. Jacob Javits and Atty. Gen. Louis Lefkowitz are liberals and proven vote getters, but both are too old to undertake such a campaign.

New York is now, perhaps, the most Republican state in the nation. It has a four-term Republican Governor who places himself in the party's "mainstream." It has one liberal-leaning GOP Senator and another who bills himself a "Conservative-Republican." Both houses of the legislature are under Republican control. And the state's largest city is headed by a man who still considers himself a Republican.

Democratic registration outnumbers Republican by better than 3 to 2, and the state has gone overwhelmingly Democratic in the last three Presidential elections. But only two Democrats since Herbert Lehman—Harriman and Robert Kennedy—have been able to win major statewide office. Given the Democrats' division and disarray, New York could well remain Republican for another generation. But there is no Dewey or Rockefeller on the horizon to keep the Empire State's GOP on course as a force for progress and liberalism in the Republican Party. □

FRENCH ELECTIONS

Alignments After the 'Revolution'

CLAUDE BOURDET
Mr. Bourdet, The Nation*'s Paris correspondent, was a PSU member of the Paris City Council for the past twelve years, but chose not to run in the March elections described below.*

Paris

After the second round of the municipal elections on Sunday, March 21, it was amusing to read the French press. Everybody from Left to Right was satisfied; everybody had won impressive victories; apparently nobody had lost anything; it looked like an arithmetic miracle.

Actually, that trick is always done by putting the spotlight on your successes and forgetting or fuzzing up your defeats, and it was possible on this occasion because the balanced aspect of the electoral results gave an overall picture of few big changes, and a general impression of stability. A political analysis of the results is therefore the more difficult; yet some trends can be distinguished, and some lessons learned, particularly if one takes into account the general political conditions in which the elections occurred.

First of all, only in towns of a certain size (more than a few thousand inhabitants) does a political picture really emerge. In villages, the person is much more important than the party, as is generally the case the world over. And political labels, in villages and very small towns, are often uninformative; you hear that a list of councilors bearing the name of "Social and Municipal Action" was elected over people who call themselves "Municipal Interests and Progress"—but you need to know a good deal about the local scene to realize that the first group is progressive and the second conservative. The non-instructive nomenclature reflects not so much a desire to camouflage political tendencies as a feeling that there are good administrators everywhere, and that one should be able to use their talents, whatever their general political beliefs.

This wish to escape the turmoil of politics can be found also in larger towns, and conservative politicians try to take advantage of it by calling themselves "Independents for Municipal Action," or some such harmless label. But the attempt usually fails, or rather has been failing more and more in the last twenty years, because people have begun to realize that even in medium-sized "small towns," ones of perhaps 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, and in still smaller suburban centers outside a major city, the struggle between big financial interests and the common man, between property owners and others and, crudely speaking, between the richer and poorer elements of the population dominates any election, even a local one.

The second noteworthy element of the elections is that they were the first on any level since the death of de Gaulle, and everybody was curious to see whether the Gaullist Party would withstand his departure with no big losses. This party had made its first appearance at the 1947 municipal elections, when it rolled into French politics like a tidal wave and took control of many cities. At that time it was called "RPF"—"Rally of the French People"—de Gaulle's hope at the time being to rally around him "all honest Frenchmen" except the "separatists," i.e., the Communists. Of course, this violent anti-Communist bias, combined with de Gaulle's autocratic methods and the general international climate, made the party a rallying point, not for "honest Frenchmen" but for reactionaries and conservatives of all denominations, together with frightened people of whatever persuasion. Quickly, however, the RPF disintegrated, the Gaullists' grasp on their right-wing fellow travelers loosened, and very few municipalities remained in the hands of "true-blue" Gaullists.

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Even after the General's dramatic comeback in 1958, and a number of successful legislative elections, the Gaullists remained weaker by far in the city councils than in Parliament. This also had its results in the Senate, which is indirectly elected by the municipalities and where the number of non-Gaullists, both center and right wing, was far greater than in the House. There was a lot of bad feeling between de Gaulle and the Senate, although the second French Assembly has very little real power.

As municipal councils are in the long run the grass roots of political power, this situation preoccupied Pompidou after his take-over, and particularly after de Gaulle's death. It became clear that the myth of Gaullism was waning and that Pompidou would need to rely much more heavily on local influences and traditional elements of power. The man understands French politics very well; he is one of the few Gaullists who could have had a normal political career during the Third or the Fourth Republic. His main hope has been to open up the party, what the Gaullists call *"l'ouverture."*

But Gaullism couldn't be opened equally on all sides. Very few members of the democratic center proved willing to join the Gaullists; the main one who did was Jacques Duhamel, former Minister of Agriculture and now Minister of Culture. On the Right, however, Pompidou met with complete success, and this was all the more important for the municipal elections because the non-Gaullist Right held the majority of conservative municipal strongholds. The Gaullist "opening" on the Right was facilitated by the May 1968 "revolution." The very reactionary Minister of the Interior, Mr. Marcellin, used every opportunity to stage showdowns between his police and leftists elements, generally students in university towns. The purpose was to remind electors "not to do anything which might give rise to a new May 1968."

When one recalls all the changes in France since the last municipal elections (1965)—the May 1968 events, de Gaulle's resignation and his deep and hardly concealed resentment of Pompidou, then de Gaulle's death—the changes in the municipal picture seem remarkably small. The government coalition—called since 1968 the "Union for the Defense of the Republic" (UDR), the idea being that the government is "defending democracy," the leftists are "attacking" it—won over from the Left or from the center nine larger towns, and lost seven, most of them to the Left. It controlled before the elections seventy-eight towns of more than 30,000 inhabitants; it now controls only seventy-three, and it is quite evident that whatever successes it has had are the result of its opening to the Right, even to the extreme Right. For example, the coalition which kept Lyon for the Right contained not only independent right wingers and Gaullists but former Minister Soustelle and some of his friends. Soustelle, a member of de Gaulle's staff in London during the war, had been very close to de Gaulle, but he broke with the President during the Algerian War, sided with the rebellious generals and with the settlers, lived for a number of years in exile, and is considered by many French democrats to be a complete Fascist. After Algeria, his name was anathema to de Gaulle.

Another and complementary aspect of the elections is the mediocrity of the results obtained by the centrist elements who had joined the Gaullist coalition—Jacques Duhamel and his friends—while the centrists who had remained in opposition did not fare quite so badly, and in some regions retain a sizable minority.

The changes in the geographical distribution of pro-government forces were interesting. Most of their notable successes this time were in the south and the southwest, where they had been generally weak; whereas they were often defeated in northern and eastern France, where their strongholds had been. It appears that there are a number of different reasons for the shift. One is that the Gaullists' former electoral victories in the east of France were accomplished by de Gaulle himself rather than by his party. Once he was gone, the balance tended to return to normal. Also, the east is an industrial area which now feels the weight of German competition more than does any other area, and where dissatisfaction with the government's economic policies is great.

The south and the southwest, on the other hand, had been managed locally for nearly a century by a left-of-center coalition, Socialists and "radicals" (a party slightly left of center), and the city machines of the region would recall to Americans the worst periods of Chicago or Tammany Hall. The Socialist Mayor of Toulouse was ousted by a right winger who had criticized him on exactly the same grounds as those of the extreme Left. In these areas, where the moderate Left has been unable to propose new men and new management, the pro-government candidates could appear as near revolutionaries. It remains to be seen, however, how long they can resist the all-pervading influence of the local power lobbies.

Paris has been widely cited as one of the government victories, but it was done largely by misrepresenting essential facts. The Left had thirty-eight councilors out of ninety in the former city council, but seven of them had won their seats by accident, as the result of a fight within the right wing. This time, the Right was united wherever the Left offered any threat, and the latter got only its normal ratio of seats, though with a slightly higher percentage of votes than in 1965. Here again, the opening was to the Right. As a result, the centrist elements on the council, who were on most issues just as reactionary as the Gaullists and who nearly always voted with them, are now a little more committed to opposition; this makes the pro-government majority of one in the French capital more an element of uncertainty than of power.

The Left has fared rather well on the whole, although it started the electoral struggle in unsatisfactory shape. In many areas, but not in all, there was an alliance of Communists, Socialists, the Republican Convention (François Mitterand's party), a small new Christian group under the leadership of one of de Gaulle's former ministers, Robert Buron, called "Objective 72," and sometimes left-wing groups of the Radical Party, or local Left-oriented groups with a definitely "technical" bias, called "Groups for Municipal Action" (GAM).

The Left Socialist party, the PSU, was also a member of this coalition in some forty towns, but as it is caught in a bitter feud with the Communist Party, because of its own alliance with a number of leftist groups, it often

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refused to participate in the coalition and presented, as in Paris, its own candidates for the first ballot on March 14. In some areas, however, coalition was between the Communists, the PSU, and Mitterand's Convention, the Socialists going it alone or even allying themselves with center, and even right-of-center groups. In other towns, the Left went to the polls completely divided.

Owing to these very different situations, there is no simple general picture, but a number of significant facts emerge. First, there seems to be no trace of anti-communism remaining among the mass of left-wing, liberal-progressive, or liberal voters. This was notable in the runoff elections on March 21, when both left- and right-of-center voters who had to choose between Gaullists and a Communist-led group of candidates often voted for the latter. The same applies, but more explicably, to Socialists and extreme leftists. On the other hand, Communist or leftist voters often obviously refused, whatever the instructions of their leaders, to vote in the runoffs for Socialists or other left-of-center candidates with bad municipal records. That was the principal reason for the failure of the Socialists in Toulouse and in other towns in the south.

The union of the Left was in general a success, and the more so when it was complete. In any case, the leftist voters, PSU, et al., in practically all cases transferred their votes to the traditional Left (Socialists, Communists, etc.) in the second round. As a result, the Communists fared better in the elections than did any other leftist party, their reputation as honest and efficient administrators being an added factor. Government propagandists naturally paint the future of the Socialists in disastrous colors—"hostages of the Communists," etc.—thus trying to break up the unity achieved by the Left. However, these elections are remarkable because for the first time the Socialists have had more successes with their alliances on the Left than with those toward center-left or center-right.

Indeed, with a few exceptions, like that of Marseilles, where the enormous local influence of the nominally Socialist but actually near-conservative Mayor Defferre prevailed, the elections have consolidated the trend toward a "Popular Front." The Communist Party has helped this tendency by doing its own bit of opening up—that is, delivering a number of council seats to Socialists and others in towns where the council had been solidly Communist.

The great difficulty inside the Left is now caused by the emergence since 1968 of a really leftist sentiment. It was demonstrated during these elections mainly by the PSU, since the "ultra-left leftists" generally despise elections. In France as elsewhere, orthodox Communists hold toward the leftists, whatever their brand, pretty much the same feelings that Russians hold toward the Chinese! Add to this that many of the leftists are either too young to vote or are not inclined to do so, and that the large mass of the left-voting public deplores many of the leftist antics, and you have other reasons for the French Communist Party's dislike of leftism generally and especially of the more rational, therefore politically more competitive, leftism of the PSU. But even if the leftist vote amounts to only a small percentage, it is an old established principle that the union of the Left is really effective only when it is absolutely complete: the bad blood between the Communists and the PSU was the Left's principal handicap during these elections. Complete union would probably have endangered, by its very dynamics, the pro-government control of many "marginal" towns.

To sum up, one could say that France has moved one step further toward, if not a two-party, at least a two-coalition, system. On the Right, Pompidou's kind of "Gaullism" has withstood the trial and emerges as a manifestly durable force. But it has done so only at the cost of discarding all pretenses to being a progressive, nonconformist force not to be pinned down anywhere in the political spectrum. It was a pretense even under de Gaulle, but the myth was strong enough to attract some liberals and progressives. These either have left or are leaving. A few remain in high positions, as deputies or even ministers, where they reap personal profit by "covering up" Pompidou's changes in the nature of Gaullism.

Municipal elections do not have direct results on French national politics, and it is not to be expected that the present changes will in the near future affect France's internal or foreign policies. However, the consolidation of the right-wing coalition under Pompidou, the ironing out of its internal differences, the greater weight acquired by the elements of the traditional Right, should in the long run tend to modify the discrepancies between Pompidou's still progressive foreign policy and the deeply reactionary basis of his constituency. To this extent, these elections should be eyed favorably by Mr. Richard Nixon.

On the Left, some definite progress has also been made toward building and consolidating the coalition. The number of right-wing alliances of the Socialists had been dwindling; most of the party is reconciled to a permanent Communist alliance, and the Communists have shown themselves so reasonable and moderate as not to frighten anybody—however much they may exasperate all leftists

Shailo, Daily Telegraph (London)

Georges Pompidou

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and even some progressives. Union has been effective everywhere, because the voter, quite properly, disapproves of such a variety of left-wing labels.

But the difficulty of unity on the Left is that it can never really be achieved by a simple amalgamation of ambitions and interests, as on the Right. Left-wing unity needs political agreements that reach to some depth of ideology. Definite progress was being made toward this before May 1968, but the "revolution" caused a hardening and closing up of the Communist Party, disruption of all efforts toward Socialist unity, and a general feeling inside the Left of not being up to date, of inability to cope with today's problems. Up to now the attempts to resume large political and ideological discussions have been less than fruitful. As a result, there is no real left-wing alternative to the power of capitalists and reactionaries in France; and this has deprived the Left of a political thrust, even in limited-objective elections like the municipal ones. On the other hand, the reasonably good results obtained by the Left in these elections under the existing circumstances will encourage the resumption of comprehensive negotiations in all fields. But it is a long, long quest. □

CLERICAL 'CONSPIRATORS'

WHAT GOES ON IN HARRISBURG

JACK FREED
Mr. Freed is a reporter on the Harrisburg Patriot-News.

Harrisburg, Pa.

"Why does the government want to take on the Catholic Church?" "Why would Catholics want to do such a dreadful thing?"

These are the two extremes of the range of questions heard during the past month in Harrisburg, the quiet capital of Pennsylvania, which is now the scene of pretrial hearings on an alleged plot by three priests, an ex-priest, a nun and a Pakistani scholar to blow up federal facilities and kidnap a Presidential adviser. Catholics also predominate among an additional seven named, but not indicted as "co-conspirators." The plot was first described last November by J. Edgar Hoover to a closed session of the Senate Appropriations Committee from which he was asking larger funds.

The first question, which implies a belief in the innocence of the accused, was asked by a peace movement sympathizer, who perhaps hopes that the government has placed the Church among the dissenters of the war in Indochina and thus unwittingly taken on an opponent powerful enough to alter this country's foreign policy. The second question is being asked in this Pennsylvania Dutch country by many who are but dimly aware of the unusual proceedings in the federal building on Third and Walnut Streets, and who instinctively have faith in the government's good judgment.

The "Harrisburg Six" pleaded innocent during their arraignment on February 8 before Judge R. Dixon Herman of the U. S. Middle District Court. They are Father Philip Berrigan, brought to Harrisburg that morning in handcuffs from the federal penitentiary at Danbury, Conn., where he is serving a three-and-a-half-year term for destroying draft records; Eqbal Ahmad, a fellow at the University of Chicago's Adlai Stevenson Institute for International Affairs; Sister Elizabeth McAllister, of Upper Montclair, N.J., a member of the order of the Religious Sacred Heart of Mary; the Revs. Joseph Wenderoth and Neil R. McLaughlin, both of Baltimore; and Anthony Scoblick, who had been a Josephite priest in Baltimore and is now married to a former nun. Among co-conspirators is Berrigan's brother, Father Daniel Berrigan, a Jesuit priest, serving a prison sentence at Danbury for destruction of draft files in Catonsville, Md. Others are Sister Beverly Bell; William Davidon; Sister Jogues Egan, past president of Marymount Manhattan College; Paul Mayer and Sister Marjorie Shuman.

Though none of the defendants lives in Harrisburg and the scene of the alleged plot—to blow up heating ducts in the capital and kidnap Henry Kissinger—was to have been Washington, D. C. on Washington's birthday, the federal grand jury hearings are being held in this U. S. Middle District Court city because the scheme was supposedly hatched at Lewisburg, just 60 miles up the Susquehanna.

The government contends that Berrigan conceived the plan while in the Lewisburg penitentiary during the summer of 1970. U. S. Atty. Guy L. Goodwin, a troubleshooter on conspiracy cases for the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, is expected to build his case on notes carried between Berrigan and Sister McAllister by Boyd Douglas, an alleged FBI informer who befriended the priest, his fellow prisoner. According to a story by Jack Nelson in the *Los Angeles Times* of February 7, Douglas lived exceedingly well at the penitentiary —when he was there. He was the only inmate taking classes at Bucknell University; he dated two coeds, Jane Hoover and Mary E. Sandel, who have been called to testify before the grand jury. Douglas retained an expensive apartment and had sufficient pocket money for pot and booze parties. The notes in question are said to have been transcribed into his notebook, mostly at the library. The two librarians have been subpoenaed.

If the government wanted a congenial site for its conspiracy hearings, Harrisburg would seem ideal. It lies in the conservative stronghold of Dauphin County, whose voters register Republican by a margin of 4 to 1. For years, the machine of Harvey Taylor ran politics here, and it is said that he even chose the Democratic candidates to oppose his men. In 1964, this city had the dubious distinction of containing the only black precinct in the nation

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that went for Goldwater. The polling magic is accomplished, according to local belief, with "brown paper bags" that are handed to recruited voters as they leave the booths. Community leaders in the ghetto areas have complained regularly that calls to the county courthouse protesting gross voting irregularities go unheeded.

Though the Greater Harrisburg area is swelling to a quarter-million population, colleges are few and small, with almost no militant student body to stage unnerving demonstrations around the glass and concrete federal building, built two years ago as if in anticipation of mounting federal business. The five-year-old Harrisburg Area Community College has a quiet, practical-minded student population. A new extension of Pennsylvania State University, 10 miles south in Middletown, handles third and fourth year and a smattering of graduate students. And across the river and 15 miles to the southwest sits Messiah College, a strongly religious Protestant institution that has never bothered anyone. Furthermore, as a place for bringing grand jury indictments against members of Catholic religious orders, the Harrisburg Dutch country has advantages over, say, the Polish and Irish coal regions around Scranton, which is also in the Middle Court District and near Scoblick's home town.

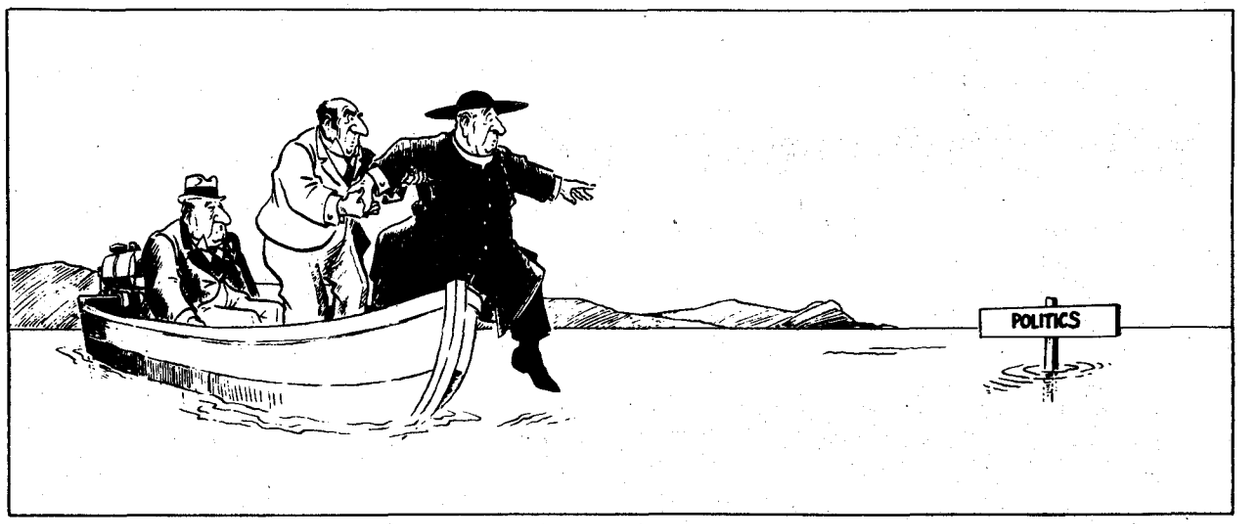
So far there has been little fuss. In the days just before the arraignments, one might hear in a local downtown bar, "What's going on in the federal building?" Nothing more. No crowds gathered on the morning of the arraignment, despite the collection of sidewalk TV cameras and elaborate security arrangements that left open only one entrance to the building. In fact, the absence of onlookers and demonstrators made the overmanned and overarmed security force, much of it imported for the day, look foolish. Reporters had to present special passes at the outside door and at one elevator, rigged to go only to the ninth-floor courtroom. Passes had to be shown again to a mixed bank of plainclothes men and uniformed guards as those being admitted to the court were channeled through an electrical beam so sensitive that it was touched off by a pocketful of change or by the large crucifixes worn by many connected with the proceedings.

Security was so tight that Scoblick almost did not get in for his arraignment. Told by the manager of the proceedings that he needed no pass, Scoblick, who had shaved the mustache he wore in *Time*, was stopped at the elevator. The guards demanded a pass, though they were stationed perhaps 15 feet from where the manager had just spoken to Scoblick. When the ex-priest said he might as well leave, since he was barred from his arraignment, the matter was cleared up. His wife, Mary, remarked later outside the courtroom on the abundance of weapons and government men. "What are they trying to do, make us feel like dangerous criminals?" Then, recalling what the indictments are all about: "They are the ones with the guns and clubs, not us."

And if the government wishes to keep communication between defendants at a minimum, Harrisburg again is not a bad place for the purpose. When bails were set, Ahmad was restricted to the Chicago area, Sister McAllister to southern New York and New Jersey, and McLaughlin, Scoblick and Wenderoth to the Baltimore area. Berrigan, of course, is confined in the Danbury jail. The defendants could enter Pennsylvania's Middle District, but strict reporting rules and indirect travel routes hamper their movements. McLaughlin, Scoblick and Wenderoth have had to report to Lawrence Cardinal Shehan of the Baltimore Archdiocese every other day and avoid Delaware on any trip to Pennsylvania.

So intent does the government seem on keeping defendants apart that on the morning of the arraignment, when Berrigan finally arrived in Harrisburg, Sister McAllister and Sister Egan were refused permission to see him on the tenth floor, where he was confined by U. S. marshals. Defense attorneys, however, persuaded Judge Herman to delay the arraignment from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M., so that the defendants might get together for the first time since indictments had been issued a month earlier. None has been allowed to visit Berrigan in Danbury.

Judge Herman also heard arguments that day to ease travel restrictions and ruled on February 19 that defendants might move about anywhere within the continental United States—except, of course, Berrigan. But Herman, who only several months ago was elevated from county juvenile judge to his federal seat, has been tough about forcing subpoenaed witnesses to testify before the



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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grand jury on pain of civil contempt. He jailed Sister Egan for contempt when she claimed violations of the Fifth Amendment. He ordered Rev. J. William Michelman, a character witness when bail was set for three of the defendants, to testify despite his objection that he might be asked to violate the secrecy of a Catholic confessional. The judge also ordered Mrs. Patricia Chanel, sister of an employee of the federal government's General Services Administration, to appear before the grand jury, though her lawyer contended she was mentally unstable, having been only recently released from an institution.

Some observers feel a prime purpose of the government's action in Harrisburg is to test the constitutionality of the 1970 Organized Crime Control Act that requires witnesses to testify before grand juries on guarantees that their testimony will not be used against them. Defense lawyers have claimed that the immunity is spurious because the government is still able to prosecute on "independent" evidence. Sister Egan, named co-conspirator but unindicted, thus claimed that her rights under the Fifth Amendment were being violated. The 3rd U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia has since ordered her released from custody, pending a constitutional test of her right to remain silent. Meanwhile, a federal judge in New York, in another bomb conspiracy case, has ruled unconstitutional the immunity provision of the Crime Control Act.

Judge Herman has not set a date for opening the trial. A flurry of defense motions are expected and estimates are that it will not get under way until summer.

In the lull that has developed since arraignment time, some sentiment for the defendants seems to be showing through the veil of Harrisburg's contentment. A local priest spoke out one Sunday for the "Harrisburg Six," describing the defendants as part of the "family" and deserving support. On February 11, a statement of sympathy for the defendants was issued by thirty-four of the diocese's some 180 priests. It referred to the Pope's prayer of "War never! No more!," but the signers spoke out only as individuals who "rededicate ourselves to the cause of peace and specifically support the 'Harrisburg Six.' " Their carefully worded statement goes on to say: "We cannot view this trial in simple terms of the innocence or guilt of the accused. Justice must scrutinize the larger context of a war without which this case could not exist."

The thirty-four priests contended that the "accused are related to us as brothers and sisters, some through the bond of the priesthood, others through the bond of peace. As members of a family whose bond is deeper than nature we stand by the indicted in their—and our—pilgrimage for peace, most especially during and after their trial. . . ." A Camp Hill Protestant missionary applauded the priests' "beautiful and thoughtful statement."

However, the mood of many local Catholics is far more conservative; they demand that their Church forgo "clerical antics" which reflect the "death-wish of some to eliminate the traditional influence and spirituality of the Church, and most of its faithful membership in the process."

Indeed it is likely that the government believes the average churchgoing Catholic will fail to rally to peripheral priests and nuns, whose interests have been weighted on the side of blacks, poverty and peace. Philip Berrigan, a Josephite, has a civil rights history that goes back to the sit-in days in Mississippi. The government probably considered that the local Catholic hierarchy, characterized by one young priest as a group of "building contractors," would not see itself threatened by the conspiracy case.

The support for the "Six" seems to come from younger clergymen who have been involved in the substantial black and poverty problems that plague even Harrisburg. In the past several years, the city has had serious trouble in the schools, whose students are 52 per cent black and many of these the sons and daughters of slum families. Schools were integrated for the first time this year. Riots shook this third-class city two years ago when the Hill section was cordoned off after a policeman shot a black youth.

Many of the thirty-four priests signing the Harrisburg Six statement have been intensely involved in community anti-poverty programs, so it is not surprising that support for the defendants is being found even in this conservative citadel. A statement from the defendants on the afternoon of their arraignment proclaimed their innocence and appealed to the disenfranchised for support. They saw themselves the victims of a general government plot to break the back of the anti-war movement—a movement, they said, that was tied to the cause of racial justice and the elimination of poverty.

Perhaps the cleavage of hawks and doves will extend to the Catholic Church because of the Harrisburg proceedings, but it is more likely that clear lines of division are simply not there. Sister Egan is optimistic, seeing the conspiracy as calling forth the sympathy of powerful Catholic figures. However, Paul Mayer, another unindicted co-conspirator, feels the movement is being upheld only by a fringe of the Church, that nothing approaching a cleavage is in sight.

Mayer himself was as marginal a priest as one could find. He is a Jewish refugee from Nazi Germany who became a Benedictine monk. Now married and in an "experimental ministry," he teaches at New York Theological Seminary. Speaking to a gathering of "defense" students (many of them visitors from other schools) at the community college two days before the arraignments, Mayer acknowledged Catholics as "Johnny-come-latelies" in the peace movement. As for the religious establishment, "Conscientious objectors have had tough times at the hands of the Church, but generals have not." Anti-war Catholics, Mayer told his audience, are making a true statement of religion, whose tradition has always been a "liberation struggle." Whether it is the Jewish exodus from Egypt or the confrontations of Jesus in the Temple, liberation is the "central event from which theology develops."

For Mayer, the "movement today is not an aberration but the most authentic and pure expression of what Jesus and the Hebrew prophets were talking about—being on the side of man." But the Church, Mayer darkly concluded, has been a "creature" of society, rather than an innovator within it; its interest has been to maintain the *status quo*.

So, as Mayer would have it, the government is not taking on any church, and there is no groundswell of Catholics per se to oppose the war. Rather, the government is attempting to stamp out its opposition, even when it crops up in a clerical collar. □

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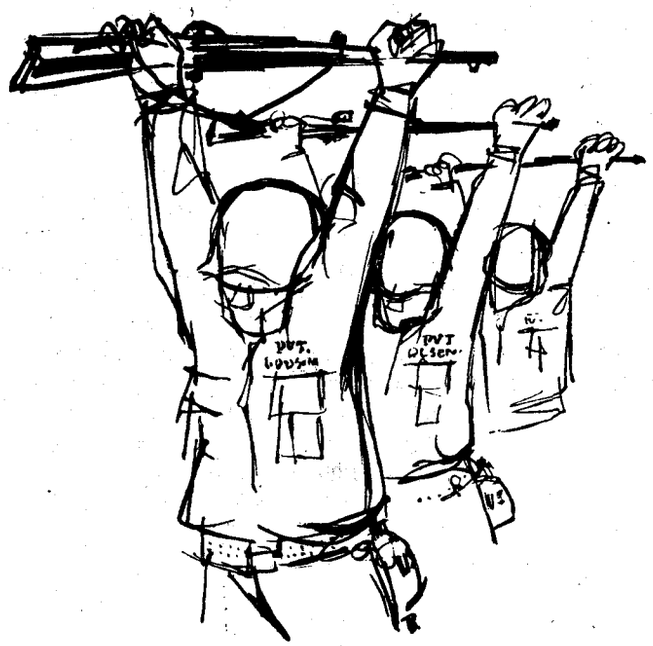
LEGISLATIVE VETO

A DODGE TO END THE DRAFT

PETER J. OGNIBENE

Mr. Ognibene was until recently an Air Force officer and a member of the Political Science Department at the Air Force Academy, from which he graduated in 1963. He also holds graduate degrees in aerospace engineering from the University of Michigan and in government from the University of Maryland.



Senators Mark Hatfield and Barry Goldwater have rarely been able to agree on more than their party affiliation, but on one important issue they are in total accord. They both want to replace the draft with an all-volunteer armed force, and they are the spearhead of the movement in the Senate to realize that goal. To the surprise of no one, their movement has failed to elicit any enthusiasm from the old and crusty Senate establishment, most of which still regards the draft as a dandy way to spread around the *privilege* of military service. What has been surprising is the group of Senators, generally regarded as libertarians, who have joined the Old Guard to blunt the Hatfield-Goldwater initiative. It includes Senators Bayh, Case, Cooper, Eagleton, Javits, Harris, Kennedy, Mondale and Muskie.

There has been much talk about ending the draft and establishing an all-volunteer armed force, but when the issue has come down to hard policy choices and even harder allocations of the budget, most legislators moved with glacial speed. Through the cosmetic magic of public relations, President Nixon has come to be identified publicly as the volunteer army's greatest champion. In 1968, when he was out job seeking, the Republican candidate spoke often, long and fondly of his desire for an all-volunteer armed force. Three years and one Presidential commission later he is still yearning for it. In fact, he is at present the greatest single obstacle to the volunteer army he advocates.

The Presidential commission, headed by Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense Thomas Gates, was directed by Mr. Nixon to "develop a comprehensive plan for eliminating conscription and moving toward an all-volunteer armed force." In February 1970, after a year of study, the Gates commission delivered its final report, making public the cheerful news that in just one year the draft could be ended and completely replaced by voluntary service. The commission unanimously recommended that the one-year transition begin on July 1, 1970, and estimated that the first-year budgetary cost would be $3.3 billion. (The figure does not take into account the actual savings which would eventually accrue from reduced personnel turnover and training costs.) The commission also estimated that draftees and draft-induced volunteers have been paying a "tax-in-kind" of $2 billion per year: this figure, however, will never appear in the federal budget.

This news, presumably heartening to the White House, was followed by a great flurry of Presidential inaction. So, to encourage a matching of Presidential action to Presidential prose—known in Middle American circles as putting your money where your mouth is—Republican Senators Hatfield and Goldwater and ten of their Senate colleagues from both parties went to work. They sponsored an amendment to the defense procurement bill which would have increased the pay of enlisted men with less than eleven years of service and of officers with less than four. The raises could be justified on the basis of equity alone, since the military pay adjustments of recent years had, by design, disproportionately benefited the older career servicemen—a not so subtle way of maintaining the *need* for a draft. The pay levels proposed by Hatfield and Goldwater were substantially the same as those recommended by the Gates commission. The intent in both cases was to make the financial rewards of military service sufficiently attractive to render the draft unnecessary.

Instead of endorsing this amendment, both the White House and the Pentagon expressed virulent opposition, and the measure was doomed. The vote was a decisive defeat: 52 to 35. Yet just two weeks later, on September 11, 1970, the President sent Congress a message entitled: "A Call for Cooperation." The cooperation sought was legislative action on the many proposals Mr. Nixon had made to the 91st Congress, which had not been acted upon. One of these, requested the previous April, was for military pay raises, which the President called "an important step towards an objective of reducing draft calls to zero"—the *identical* purpose of the Hatfield-Goldwater amendment.

"Watch what we do, not what we say," was the slogan with which this Administration made its debut. Mr. Nixon may indeed be sincere in his expressed preference for voluntary service, but there have been few signs that he is

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prepared to back his expansive rhetoric with substantial changes in the distribution of the federal budget. Fortunately, Congress has the power—if not yet the disposition—to force the executive branch to end the draft.

While the structure of the Selective Service System is permanent, the authority to use that system to conscript is not. Congress has, since 1951, seen fit to grant induction authority to the President in four-year parcels. The current period ends on June 30. To renew this authority, a bill extending the draft must, like any other, negotiate the labyrinthian legislative passageway, where the possibility of its being waylaid is limited only by the ingenuity and temerity of the legislators.

Because it is far easier to kill a bill than to get one passed, a legislative veto—there are many forms—has always been a powerful bargaining device. But since World War II, it has not been a successful tactic for modifying major defense programs. Except for cutting away a few dollars here and there—as well as sometimes adding money that was not requested—defense bills have sailed the otherwise treacherous straits of Congress with few difficulties. Negative legislating power, however, might possibly provide the key to ending the draft and (by indirection) establishing the volunteer army at the same time.

The Administration has asked Congress to extend the draft for another two years, until mid-1973. Should opposition develop, the Administration will probably take the position that its foreign and military policies—particularly Vietnamization—cannot be carried out without the draft. *That is simply not true.* There is a catch in the Military Selective Service Act that would allow the draft to continue, even if Congress failed to vote for its extension.

Section 17 (c) of the Act reads: "Notwithstanding any other provisions of this title, no person shall be inducted for training and service in the Armed Forces after July 1, 1971, except persons now or hereafter deferred under section 6 of this title after the basis for such deferment ceases to exist." In other words, the draft could no longer touch its present "first priority selection groups (19-year-olds classified I-A), but it could induct men who had previously been deferred (but never *exempt*) from the draft. A deferment, as the director of Selective Service points out, "does not relieve a registrant of the liability to serve in the Armed Forces." Some 13 million men who have been deferred remain liable for service until they reach 35. While never legally free of the draft, the mathematical chances that they would see military service are at present almost zero, thanks to the postwar baby boom. But the odds would shorten substantially if the President continued to use the draft without a Congressional extension.

So, failing to extend the draft would not dismantle the Selective Service System nor would it put an immediate end to conscription. It *would* force the President to induct only those men who had once benefited from the deferment process. Mr. Nixon, one supposes, would find that course distasteful in the year preceding a Presidential election. Still no one could legitimately claim that the President was being prevented from executing his foreign and military policies—unless he needed more than 13 million soldiers to carry them out. Voting down the draft's extension would, however, put the burden of proving that those policies justify conscription right where it belongs: squarely on Mr. Nixon's shoulders.

It is unfortunate that refusing to extend the draft is the *only* political leverage available to serious advocates of the volunteer army. Enacting an entirely new military recruiting law would be preferable to letting the induction authority lapse because a new law could bring Congress a meaningful role in foreign and military policy. Specifically, it could require the President to seek a joint resolution of Congress before using the draft; as matters now stand, he has blanket authority to conscript men to fight in foreign, undeclared wars. Unfortunately, the failure last year of the Hatfield-Goldwater amendment bodes ill for any similar bill in the present Congress.

While a legislative veto would not completely end the draft, it would shift the privilege of military service from the 19-year-olds to older men—many of whom, no doubt, have become voting Republicans. If President Nixon publicly contemplates or actually begins to induct these older men, he would seriously jeopardize his already precarious political future. That is a sacrifice he should be willing to make if he really believes the draft essential to his policies.

Of course, another choice lies open to Mr. Nixon. He could abandon his request for a two-year extension of the draft and ask Congress to support an immediate transition to an all-volunteer armed force. By taking affirmative action on the Gates plan, Mr. Nixon can begin to close the gap between "promise and performance." Coincidentally, it could also be a convenient way for him to be both right and President. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 450)*

in experiencing concern and despair with the dancer's apparent immunity to the human condition. . . .

Some few years ago I tried to engage several of the leading dancers in the United States in voicing a protest against this country's participation in the Indochinese war, by asking permission to add their names to a protest banner. Apart from a rather reserved affirmation from Agnes de Mille (she didn't want her name to be used in any other way—letterheads, etc.), all the others either ignored the request or, in the case of Mr. Balanchine, his secretary said he didn't want his name on the banner.

It has been a source of shame and embarrassment for me to realize that the dancers in this country . . . directly or indirectly, dance to the tune of the State Department. Certainly it is not surprising that they, the dancers, are not about to bite the hand that feeds them. . . .

I spoke to a member of the Ballet Theatre company about their recent appearances in Greece and Spain. He said that he personally disapproved, but that he went along and that he felt he helped some of the Greek dancers by giving a few hours of instruction in the fine art of bowing and bending. He ought to know.

No matter how many novelties the ballet world has sponsored, dancers, by the very process of their training (military and unquestioning), are not radical beings. They are now better paid than they've been, and they will dance the next *Green Table* and any other anti-war ballet and they will continue to practice so they can remain your obedient servants. *Carmelita Maracci*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Poet's Duty

THE LETTERS OF A. E. HOUSMAN. *Edited by Henry Maas. Harvard University Press. 441 pp. $11.50.*

BURTON BENDOW
Mr. Bendow is the author of a forthcoming book on the postwar Italian cinema, The Revolution Stops for Orangeade *(Grosset & Dunlap).*

"Poetry is easy or impossible," Housman writes about the difficulties of composition. And throughout most of his 77 years it seems to have been impossible. "I did not begin to write poetry in earnest until the really emotional part of my life was over"—that is, until his early 30s. At the age of 36 he has a burst of inspiration that lasts for only five months; and even during this, his "most prolific period," he suffers continually from a "relaxed sore throat." He is in the vein with less and less frequency for the next decade. Thereafter he produces little or nothing until his early 60s, when he writes a handful of verses, and a confession in the preface to *Last Poems* that he is unable to write much more.

The poems do give the impression of ease, but of ease achieved in spite of impossible restrictions. They are feats accomplished within an iron cage of form. And they are few and brief. Most of the lines have only four feet instead of the usual five; and some are further truncated, suggesting a sigh escaped and cut short. And the sigh is often for youth cut short, by the noose or the knife or the bullet, or for love stifled in an early grave. Negatives abound: "unpearled," "diamondless," "the nation that is not." Some stanzas that begin in beauty end in an ugly, strangled mawkishness. The very last lines of poems generally sound well—Housman's ear is impeccable—but they are often embarrassing: "Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale." All this merely confirms what those who write about him are prone to say in other ways: that he was egregiously the repressed Victorian, that the impulse to express his yearnings had to pass an uncompromising censorship.

The letters collected in this volume show only the censored man, his impossible side. Though they bulk much larger than the collected poems, they are more closemouthed. The sigh never escapes. They reveal nothing of what Housman called "the great and real troubles" of his early manhood: the burdens of a large and impoverished family that devolved upon him as eldest son, and the dismal British public school variety of homosexuality that is always bidding the lad "farewell" and never "hello." Indeed, the five years between the ages of 21 and 26, which were blighted by his unrequited love for Moses Jackson, are represented in his correspondence only by a gap. If Oscar Wilde and the Aesthetes flaunted their sins, Housman was fiercely reticent about his. In later letters there are a few guarded references to the weaknesses of others. And in letters written on his frequent trips to the Continent, among descriptions of scenery, architecture, hotels, food and wine, there are hints that he found other consolations. Whether these were carnal or merely sentimental, no one will ever know.

Slips like these are the exception; the rule is a determined self-effacement. Housman refuses to be anthologized, refuses to let an unflattering portrait be reproduced, refuses to answer queries about himself, refuses the honors heaped on him. And—according to Laurence Housman, his brother and literary executor—he wants his notebooks destroyed after his death and wants only those poems published that meet with what he half ironically calls his "exalted standards." Clearly this is not modesty but pride. He resents prying and loathes publicity, naturally enough under the circumstances. He wants fame, which he knows his poems will bring him.

Another trait is his quest for an impossible perfection. A good many letters are instructions or complaints to his publisher about the various editions of *A Shropshire Lad* and, later, of *Last Poems*. He accuses the printer of perversely breaking lines of verse that are short enough to run across the page. On the subject of a misplaced apostrophe he can be biting. And when errors that he points out are not corrected, he is an avenging fury. The same pains and scruples are evident in his emendations of Latin texts. He labors over Juvenal and Lucan and Manilius, especially the last who he knows is not worth the trouble. "I adjure you not to waste your time on Manilius. He writes on astronomy and astrology without knowing either. My interest in him is purely technical. His best poetry you will find in I 483—531. . . . He has nothing else so good, and little that is nearly so good." Despite this advice to Robert Bridges, Housman himself spends some thirty years producing a five-volume edition of Manilius. He seems to feel the need of this sort of penitential industry and to enjoy his work as a classical scholar. The last 40 pages of *The Letters of A. E. Housman,* which contain "purely technical" correspondence, show him exercising his formidable erudition, putting his colleagues right, and paying meticulous attention to minutiae.

Still more impossible, but amusing to readers with a malicious streak, is Housman's asperity. His poems are brief and wistful; his letters are brief and tart. Except for a few dutifully long ones written to his stepmother in late adolescence, and others not quite so long, written to his sister at frequent intervals, he sends off mere notes. And they are succinct almost to the point of curtness. In him the self-deprecating courtesy of the well-bred Englishman always has an ironical undertone. He declines to comment on the work of another poet on the ground that he himself is no critic—a transparent lie. Or he tells the truth in one devastating phrase and hopes it will not spoil the poet's Christmas. He declines a dinner invitation because he is detained at Cambridge by certain duties, but he cannot pretend to his would-be hostess that he will not enjoy them. After signing himself "Your affectionate brother" to Laurence, the other literary light of the family with whom he was sometimes confused, he cannot resist adding "the following venomed dart: I had far, far rather that people should attribute my verses to you than yours to me." This is fraternal raillery; on a bothersome stranger he uses the knife. "My heart always warms to people who do not come to see me, especially Americans, to whom it seems to be more of an effort. . . . If you think this note a reward, I shall be pleased." To his few intimates Housman unbends, though he never unburdens himself; he is easy and long-winded about trivia, and so rather dull. And in his last years,

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his complaints of the illness that is to kill him are sad, much sadder than the violent endings that kill off the young men of his poems.

It is for his poems, however, that he is chiefly remembered; and the letters do identify his sources of inspiration. Because of his lapidary style and his professional concern with classical authors, it is often assumed that his verse is modeled on the antique. He expressly denies it. "No doubt I have been unconsciously influenced by the Greeks and Latins, but I was surprised when critics spoke of my poetry as 'classical.' Its chief sources of which I am conscious are Shakespeare's songs, the Scottish Border ballads, and Heine." The first two, significantly, are models used by the early Romantics in their efforts to break with the Augustan tradition. And the last is most important. "The influence of Heine is evident in *A Shropshire Lad*. For Keats I have the greatest admiration, but I should not have thought that my writing had any affinity to his." Housman's polished quatrain, with its alternation of feminine and masculine rhymes, is closer to Heine's than to the rough ballad stanza. "Sinner's Rue" (*Last Poems,* XXX) is almost a direct translation of *"Am Kreuzweg wird begraben"* (*Lyrisches Intermezzo,* lxii). Norman Marlow, in his book on Housman's verse, shows how many lines echo the German in sound and sentiment, though he regards Heine as only one of many influences and devotes only 8 out of 179 pages to him. Any reader familiar with both poets can discover many more such lines, too many to be quoted here. Heine, of course, is more of a rebel and a free spirit.

The task Housman seems to have set himself is this: to purge Romantic verse of its "stale and faded" Victorian accretions and recapture the pristine lyric strain. To that end he harks back to the early Romantics and to their sources. In one of his book reviews: "Wordsworth is a much greater poet than either Chaucer or Burns"—he means in manner, not in matter. His lecture, "The Name and Nature of Poetry," is still more explicit in declaring his ideal. He abominates the Metaphysicals. He respects Pope and Dryden, though their diction is "preposterous." He finds Blake "the most poetical of all poets"—more so than Shakespeare, for Shakespeare mixes sense with his sound. Blake makes no sense or very little; his music is unadulterated by meaning. Poetry is best, as Coleridge says, when it is only half understood; it often loses its charm when the mystery is dissipated. It works not on the intellect but on the innards and is recognized by its effect on the pit of the stomach or by other physical symptoms. And it is not composed by the intellect. It is an involuntary secretion, often a morbid one, like the pearl secreted by the oyster. At least that is true, he says, in his own case.

That this lecture was considered somewhat shocking at Cambridge indicates where Housman really belongs—in London with those who dare to worship Art for Art's sake. His ideas are not to be taken literally; poetry without meaning is not even jabberwocky. In seeking to dissociate it from meaning, no doubt he has in mind his own verse, secreted, so he claims, independently of his conscious, designing self. But his subject, patently, is all poetry. His intention is to disembarrass it of the earnest Victorian message, the high thinking and mittened musing that were presumed to constitute its essence. His theory is not far from that of the French Symbolists, who were precocious in this respect. Blake is to Housman what Poe is to Baudelaire (the Englishman is aware of Poe's limitations). Despite his donnish exterior, Housman is one with the Aesthetes of *The Yellow Book,* who also make frequent trips to the Continent and import the *nouveau frisson* from Paris.

For all their disclaiming it, Housman and his contemporaries do have a message—the famous gloom, the disillusionment with all that the Victorians considered worthy. At the end of the century Religion was dead, Nature was indifferent, Virtue was hypocrisy, Progress an illusion. Hardy is perhaps the most articulate about all this and the most resolutely bleak. The Aesthetes savor their sensations and still are sick and weary and desolate and forlorn. Their madder music and stronger wine are about as comforting as Housman's ale. A few sturdy or would-be sturdy types, like Henley, Kipling or Stevenson, refuse to give way to despair. Laurence Housman and many others seek refuge in Catholicism. Yeats and the lovers of Celtic twilight take up the cause of holy Ireland. They all seem to suffer from the vapors, from a sense that the age that began with Wordsworth's enthusiastic nature worship and Shelley's hopes for the regeneration of mankind is at an end. Housman's plaint is not only his own but that of his time. "I have never had any such thing as a 'crisis of pessimism.' In the first place, I am not a pessimist but a pejorist . . . and that is owing to my observation of the world, not to personal circumstances."

These words may be taken with a grain of salt, of course, for Housman is one of the stubborn inconsolables. Or, rather, he looks backward for consolation. Everything in his life disposes him to do so—his scholar's seclusion, the memories of his troubled 20s, his preoccupation with history, his conservative bent. The poems are in the nature of elegies or epitaphs; they memorialize the past. If a living lad should seize the present, he is acutely conscious of following in the footsteps of the dead. The grandeur that Housman often achieves within a small compass owes much to his sense that the same ills recur in endless generations and are "from eternity."

Also, in denying importance to the meaning of poetry, he is aware of saying nothing new. His themes are old—the unanswered or star-crossed love, the fleeting month of May, the glory that leads to the grave, the refrain itself that there is nothing new under the sun. He knows that his talent lies in reworking this material and, since it is well known to everyone, in draining off the familiar dross and distilling a concentrated pathos. The poems tell no stories as the old ballads do. They indulge in no moral reflections in the manner of Wordsworth, except by implication. They avoid descriptions, the impressionistic word painting then very much in vogue. They are mostly monologues and sometimes dialogues, muted forms of drama. We hear the voice of the hero, or the poet mourning the hero, or else apostrophizing him: "Sleep away, lad; wake no more." Even poems cast in an impersonal mold seem to give utterance. The voice is never characterized as in the poems of Browning, and never so soul-baring as it is in Heine. It too, in fact, is a venerable device; only the muted accent is new.

Housman's innovations, if they can be called that, are limited to refinements: the addition of a fifth line to the quatrain, and the invention of Shropshire. This last is not a geographical region but a "land of lost content," associated with the sunset because "its hills were our western horizon," adorned with wild flowers instead of poppies and lilies out of the hothouse, and peopled with lads and lasses instead of knights and ladies. The lads are all gallant, however, and make for the cemetery on a variety of pretexts or sail away to the outposts of Empire, to die there still enveloped in a sunset glow. By identifying this legendary country with an actual English county, Housman is able to avoid vague or threadbare medievalisms and

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find words more specific and more powerfully evocative of nostalgia, such as the names of particular pastimes or plants or places: "And evening wrecked in Wales."

There is also an air of rural simplicity in his diction. He favors the bare, declarative sentence and the pungent Anglo-Saxon monosyllable. But these have nothing to do with common speech; they are forms of Romantic rhetoric pruned and purified: "The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers." At other times he plagiarizes the past, almost to the point of pastiche: "Arabia cannot sweeten/ Their dust with all her nard." But his plunder consists not so much in words, chosen for their rich associations, as in something more essential that is the mark of the true Romantic poet—the time-honored swell. It can be heard in both the lines quoted above and in many others: "The chestnut casts his flambeaux and the flowers/ Stream from the hawthorne on the wind away."

Such lines may be involuntarily secreted, as Housman claims when he feels he is running dry. But this proves only that they are products of a technique so practiced as to have become second nature, like the technique of a pianist who can make a percussive mechanism sing. For Housman is the same exacting perfectionist in his phrasing—to borrow a musical term—as in his critical and scholarly writing. Nothing is more common in English verse, for example, than the substitution of a trochee for an iamb at the beginning of an iambic line. In his verse this is never a convenience but always a means of emphasis: "Stars, I have seen them fall" (probably a reworking of Heine's *"Es fällt ein Stern herunter"*). The same is true of his periodic inversions: "Went on before them God." And his alliterations: "They shall see me and be sick." His rhymes, too, are never mere jingle. What in others is accident or artifice, in him is charged with intention. What he knows about prosody would fill tomes but, characteristically, is crammed into a footnote to "The Name and Nature of Poetry," in which he hints at what he could say but does not say it.

Housman is a learned poet like Milton, and the last of a line like Pope. But he was steeped in a very different poetic tradition and bent on giving it a very different sort of polish. Poets today, unburdened by traditional notions of what poetry ought to be or confused by too many notions and uncertain of what to do, may well envy him his clear idea of his duty. □

Department of Dirty Tricks

THE OFFICER FROM SPECIAL BRANCH. *By Tom Lilley. Doubleday & Co. 282 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT HATCH

As a work of fiction, *The Officer from Special Branch* is decent but not remarkable. It makes no pretense to psychological depths, as do, for example, the novels of Le Carré, and that is to its advantage. With some tempering of the sex and slaughter, to assure a "G" rating, it stands ready for direction by David Lean, with such reliable military types as Jack Hawkins and John Mills in conspicuous roles.

Nevertheless, there are one or two things to be said of the book before it appears in full tropical color. First as to the author, Tom Lilley: the publishers say he is "English and prefers not to reveal the other details of his personal life," from which one may suppose that, whether or not his real name is Lilley, he has almost certainly a closer knowledge of the matters discussed in his novel than he finds it convenient to admit. And as to those matters: the book is about Ralph Carter, a member of Special Branch, assigned to eliminate by whatever means he can devise the leaders of the Communist guerrilla attack upon British authority in a province of Malaya.

That was the war in which Sir Robert Thompson won the reputation that has made him President Nixon's "expert" on Vietnamization, and a quote from him duly appears on the book jacket: "Some of the ideas are not so fictional. . . . It raises the moral problem of how, when dealing with gangsterism, does one avoid becoming contaminated. It is not enough to wash afterwards. . . ."

The word, "gangsterism," interests me, for—with perhaps one exception—the men whom Carter is assigned to exterminate are specifically not gangsters. They may be fanatic, they are certainly cruel, but they do not steal and they do not kill for profit. However, except for pointing out to Sir Robert that one substitute for "washing afterwards" is to call your slain enemies gangsters, I do not want to debate with him on the propriety of "pacifying" a country.

The subject at hand is what happened when Carter attempted the job, and here I think Lilley, in the guise of writing a thriller, has made a contribution to grasping the nature of counter-insurgency. Carter is an extremely imaginative contriver of booby traps and ambushes; he is master of what in World War II the British called the "Department of Dirty Tricks." His schemes therefore turn out very well, but they never turn out exactly as he envisions them, and the variations are invariably in the direction of death and destruction that exceeds his calculations. *The Officer from Special Branch* encompasses a very small theatre of war; some six or eight guerrilla leaders are the objects of Carter's mission, and in the process of eliminating them he probably kills unintentionally no more than twenty times that number.

But I think Mr. Lilley's story can

LETTERS

I can read them now—
a beginning. And it all
returns along with
spring's thaw, the melting.
I wanted numbness, naming
it winter, fitting

the storm windows in,
like a veil when the year's cold
comes, the chill spreading;
even on June nights
December days' heavy snow
falling; in July

the ice shapes clinging,
maiming the oaks in the front
lawn, on a scarred branch
a red bird, wounded;
below, the dead grass; only
a stray dog asleep

in another town,
stretching in the summer shade,
free from the weather
of himself. All through
that winter and the next year
I kept the storm doors

in, and the windows,
like a mourner shutting out
rainy days, star nights
shattering, your own
fall maples turning, shadows
reaching. But today

spring names me. Outside
the window, under an oak
branch healing, between
snow patches the grass
is growing and the stray dog
is back in the yard.

Philip Legler

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be understood as a personalized, and therefore most vivid, parable on pacification in general. Whatever one may decide as to the ethics of intruding on someone else's country for the purpose of imposing peace, one must take into the calculation the knowledge that any advance estimates of the damage incidental to that action are subject to multiplication by an appalling and quite unpredictable factor (except that it is becoming more predictable). Intervening in other people's quarrels is a notoriously chancy business, but I think it would be utterly condemned if the customary result were to destroy the dwelling in which the quarrel was taking place, along with most of the residents. (I must add here that I am not certain, so deadpan is his manner, that Mr. Lilley would endorse the above interpretation of his book. If he would not, I can only say that the events he unfolds make the case for him.)

Another interesting fact about Lilley's story is that Carter never takes a Malayan ally into his confidence unless the man has a personal reason for hating the guerrillas. In theory, the British were ridding the country of a pestilence —a man-eating tiger, to revert to the romances of an older imperialism— and it is curious that only those "natives" who have been personally clawed by the beast can be trusted to help in the hunt. Carter relaxes his guard only once, and that, as might be expected, in the case of a trained nurse who attends him in hospital and whose direct erotic approach (though she is subsequently shown to have been a virgin) much recommends her to him. Their love affair, as is usual in tales of high manly adventure, is much the least plausible part of the book, but Lilley uses it also to support his thesis. When Carter gives the girl a sleeping draught to isolate her from a most perilous encounter, the drug turns out to have been cyanide of potassium.

"Each man kills the thing he loves." And that may be said also of the nations of the West, whose protestations of love for the "good" Southeast Asians have been ringing in our ears now for a generation. □

Beyond the 'Minimal Person'

RADICAL MAN. *By Charles Hampden-Turner. Schenkman Publishing Co. 434 pp. $11.25. Paper $4.95.*

WALT ANDERSON
Mr. Anderson's latest book is Politics and Environment. *He has taught psychology and political science, and is now working on a book that sketches a new humanistic approach to both.*

One of the things that is going on in this country—it has been going on for a decade or so and seems to be gathering speed—is a movement toward re-evaluating and reshaping our ideas of what it means to be human.

Abraham Maslow's work is a good example of what I mean. Maslow, who died last year, argued that the main schools of psychology—Freudian and behaviorist—had become so preoccupied with sickness that they had lost touch with their concept of health. Maslow proposed to revive that concept —which he did in his studies of "self-actualizing" men and women—and to give it to the world as a new kind of culture-model. He said:

> Every age but ours has had its model, its ideal. All of these have been given us by our culture; the saint, the hero, the gentleman, the knight, the mystic. About all we have left is the well-adjusted man without problems, a very pale and doubtful substitute. Perhaps we shall soon be able to use as our guide and model the fully growing and self-fulfilling human being, the one in whom all his potentialities are coming to full development, the one whose inner nature expresses itself freely, rather than being warped, suppressed, or denied.

Radical Man, written by a young expatriate Englishman (a Cambridge graduate who, according to the book jacket, was radicalized by the cultural shock of going to Harvard Business School) attempts to pursue the ideas of Maslow and similar thinkers in a theory of what psychological health and growth mean *politically*. Like Maslow, Hampden-Turner has a quarrel with the official social-science version of humanity; he finds it not only bland but conservative, as a result of a subtle distortion and diminution which is implicit in the way people are studied. "The demand for precision and invariability attracts the investigator to the more trivial and repetitive activities of man . . . focuses on stereotyped externalities, ignores depth of experience and emphasizes the status quo above visions of the future." So the social psychologists give us a "normal man" who is:

> elitist, hierarchical, and anxious to control others. He tends to see mankind as animalistic and as an unorganized rabble. He is often vigorous but is obsessive and repetitive in his habits. He values consensus and discipline. He is suspicious of unpredictable people and has little tolerance for human ambiguity, sees life as an economic struggle, looks to the past, and tends to stereotype people. He is uneasy with emotion and affect, prefers to put social distances between himself and others, and to withdraw into a class of like-minded people.

In answer to the natural question of how an admittedly liberal academic establishment can come up with a conservative view of man, Hampden-Turner says: "Their conservatism is unaware, non-ideological, unowned, and is latent in the tools they employ. It comes about less by valuing conservatively than by the 'value-free' selection of the less than human."

At this point I assume that readers who have been exposed to the academic social sciences in the past ten or fifteen years are beginning to feel a sense of recognition. For those who haven't had that experience, let me quote a brief passage from *Foundations of Social Psychology*, by Edward E. Jones and Harold B. Gerard, the most widely used college text in its field. Jones and Gerard say, early in their book:

> In theorizing about man it is tempting to want to characterize his many-sided complexity or to construct an exhaustive inventory of his propensities. We propose to resist such temptations. Instead we shall seek to construct a useful *minimal person*—the socialized product of the conditions of affect and information dependence—having only those attributes needed to understand the major phenomena of social psychology.

Hampden-Turner argues that this kind of no-nonsense teaching slowly squeezes the life out of visions of man as a free, creative—*radical*—kind of being. The "minimal person" does not build a new world, and those who come to the study of humanity with hopes of building a new world must inevitably be frustrated:

> It is hardly surprising that social science students, who more than those in any other field, value altruism, are in open revolt from campus to campus, as their schools attempt to drill the humanity out of them and force them into the conservative cast. Not since the Children of Israel were required to make bricks without straw has a generation been faced with such a disproportion between the social tasks and the tools provided.

But the official, conservative version

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of humanity, he says, is only one side of the coin. Flip the coin—look at some different data, and at some data differently—and you can see another side: radical man. You can see that human beings—at least *some* human beings—are capable of freer, riskier, more spontaneous and more authentic behavior, and from there you can proceed to take a new look at politics.

One conceptual framework that Hampden-Turner borrows for his enterprise is Lawrence Kohlberg's Moral Judgment Scale. This scale, based on experiments in which people interpreted a number of stories involving moral dilemmas, placed subjects at various levels of moral development—ranging upward from a simple obedience-and-punishment orientation (Stage 1) through a kind of primitive me-for-me and you-for-you awareness of others (Stage 2) to a role-behavior orientation (Stage 3), a law-and-order orientation based on respect for social rules (Stage 4), a social-contract orientation based on conceptions of majority rule and value for rights of others (Stage 5), and finally, an individual-principles orientation to personal choice, conscience and responsibility (Stage 6). This scale was originally applied to a few laboratory subjects; Hampden-Turner, by correlating it to various other studies, applies it to the whole country.

"What clearly emerges from research," he says, "is that the vast majority of American adults and school-age children have only reached Stages 3 to 4. They are rarely capable of making principled moral judgments and do not even comprehend these judgments when others make them. As a rule people can comprehend only *one* stage above their own usual level of judgment." By this rule, a child operating at the obedience-and-punishment level would be unable to comprehend an adult operating at the Stage 3 level of stereotyped social role behavior, and a person at the Stage 4 law-and-order level would not comprehend a person making Stage 6 principled choices.

This brings us to the assertion which is really the central thesis of *Radical Man*: political acts and attitudes express levels of psychosocial development; most conservatives are at about Stage 3 or 4; most liberals, with their accommodation style of thinking, at Stage 5; and *some* radicals at Stage 6. Not *all* radicals, by a long shot—one of the characteristics of true principled behavior, in Hampden-Turner's system, is an authentic desire and ability to *communicate*—to bridge the gap to others, to enter their minds and enhance their lives. A considerable number of students involved in the Berkeley Free Speech movement, according to his research, fell far short of the Stage 6 orientation and were, in fact, operating closer to the characteristics of Stage 2: "Their coldness, aloofness, stubbornness, and relative unconcern for sensitivity and responsiveness to others suggests that *no* higher synergy follows rebellion. . . ." There is much to be said, he thinks, "for Karl Jaspers' concept of truth as communicability."

Even with this qualification, Hampden-Turner's thesis is pretty explosive. It runs counter to the notion of traditional democratic ideology, that conservatives and radicals are simply different people, equals, who happen to have different ideas; it also goes against the ideas of economically minded theorists who see political conflict as different groups of classes pursuing their interests. Hampden-Turner says that psychosocial development is a more important cause of political behavior than socioeconomic status. In this respect, he comes close to Charles Reich and his idea of Consciousness III—and *The Greening of America* is not, by any means, the sole expression of that line of thought: when Theodore Roszak was first writing about the counter-culture in this magazine three years ago, he said: "Sociology has yielded to psychology as the generative principle of revolution. Consciousness, not class, is now taken to be the root of social reality. . . ."

Some will see a justification for anarchy in this: if people are capable of behaving in a moral fashion without laws, who needs government? Others will see a kind of elitism—probably

JASPER'S DAY OFF

Jasper without tools Jasper without his lunchbox and hot thermos
crumpled sad pants dirty undershirt
Jasper stranded on his own sofa on sunday
like a shark beached on the sand

A whole house lies between a father and his son
a house is like a well like the darkest of deep wells
At the bottom of this well lay Jasper's boy
playing with the cat.

Jasper: a brute fact
hands like bats bakelite safety helmet
sprayed red by the George Fuller Construction Company
master plumber his belt clinking with wrenches
his nails cracked by the cold
the New York skyline rises above him

No. On this terrible sunday afternoon
the sky has fallen into the well there is no way of retrieving it
The cat wreathes against the boy's feet

Shape-changing cat: this cat has ten shapes at least
square oblong stretches and pulls out like taffy
coiled tight etc.
The boy touches the cat's fur
as if it were the only thing left

Darkness
If a bucket could go down in the gloom
& pull those two up!

No place for Jasper to go
Nothing for him to do except read the Daily News
He watches the headlines of the world cascading over him
Hanoi Stanleyville Jackson Mississippi
Madagascar a mine-shaft has collapsed
De Gaulle bedridden as West Germany crumbles

He doesn't see any of these things . . .
waiting for the weather of love to change

Robert Nichols

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arrogance is a better word: some people reach Stage 6 level of development, but the great majority don't, and what about them?

It seems to me that both these criticisms have *some* validity. Indeed, people who have reached advanced stages of psychosocial development no longer need laws or clearly defined social roles, and often they will find it necessary to break free of them—but Hampden-Turner is not for simply doing away with roles, laws, rules and social agreements. He thinks such structures are useful, especially when they have vitality and relevance for those who live within them. Authentic radical action, he suggests at several points, does not destroy all social structures but rather helps to create new and more meaningful ones. But any social structure, ideally, ought to exist for the purpose of facilitating the development of all its members toward a capacity for greater personal freedom. In short, every culture should be striving to outgrow itself.

A more important question to be asked about Hampden-Turner's thesis is simply: how true is it? Or, how much sense does it make? How useful is it? I think it has a great amount of truth, clarity and usefulness. We have known for a long time, in some vague way, that different people function at different levels of ethical behavior and personal responsibility. To try to systematize thinking about this, confront its large-scale political and social implications, and work toward a fuller understanding of the whole process is, I think, a courageous and necessary undertaking. Hampden-Turner has not finished the job; a large part of what he does in *Radical Man* is merely argue persuasively that there is such a job to be done, that it can be done, and that it deserves the highest priority.

The book has a generally high level of eloquence and vigor, but it also has flaws, errors and awkward passages. All of this—together with the audacity of its central thesis—will undoubtedly attract heavy criticism. *Radical Man* is a risky book; it has many of the characteristics of what its author calls true radicalism—an authentic commitment, a willingness to confront, an attempt to bridge distances. I like that about it, and I also like its essential idealism. Hope is hard to come by these days, but the central message of *Radical Man* is that there is hope—that the "human nature" which has been so evident in all the sorry history of mankind is not a fixed point but a stage beyond which we may all be capable of moving. It says, and tries to prove, that people are capable of great freedom, and that, even in these days when the moon is our official measure of forward motion, there is still a real possibility of a more profound and sensible kind of human progress. □

The Open University

PAMELA DAVIDSON
Mrs. Davidson is an American journalist now living in London.

British opposition to mass higher education runs deep. Last September, Lord Todd, the Nobel laureate who is head of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, spoke out against "the expansion of numbers in our universities." This, in a country where barely 15 per cent of high school students, only 400,000 in all, go on to college. The present Tory government, which acted to retain the academically exclusive grammar schools (traditionally, the only way to get into a university), is committed to a generally elitist policy. Pledged to cut public spending, Edward Heath has probably looked longingly at the $1.5 billion a year currently lavished on higher education. It is the more incongruous, then, that Britain is now conducting the most ambitious experiment in the techniques of teaching to vast numbers yet attempted.

The three-part combination of correspondence packages, radio and TV and face-to-face teaching offered by the Open University is not unique. It has been used successfully in Italy's *"Telescuola"* and Germany's *"Telekolleg,"* which has 11,600 students. In the United States the University of Houston began televising degree courses as early as May 1953, and a Chicago community college offers an Associated Degree, obtained largely through TV work. What are new are the scale and scope of this project, which involves the interaction of a new, independent university and an experienced nationwide broadcasting corporation. The Open University is free to develop its own techniques, courses and degrees—changing them as it goes along. In fact, the staff intends to revamp the courses every three years, so provision for feedback and for continuous monitoring of student performance is built into the system.

Four "Foundation Courses" are offered this year—science, social science, mathematics and humanities. A fifth, technology, will be added next year. Like the others, it will be interdisciplinary, and will entail about ten hours of study per week, thirty-six weeks of broadcasts, and four weeks for exams. A student receives an ordinary degree after taking six courses. This usually takes from four to five years, but for a student allowed to take two courses a year, and granted credit for work done at other institutions, it can be a lot quicker. So the first Open University graduates should be on the scene in 1972.

This year's 25,000 "freshmen"—all of Britain's forty-six conventional universities together take in 50,000—are older than 21. Most of them have full-time jobs and—what is most radical for this country—some have no formal educational qualifications whatever. All other universities in Britain almost invariably require General Certificate of Education Advanced Level (GCEA) exams for entry. High school grades are of minimal importance—all that counts is passing the right number of GCEs. As most youngsters from deprived areas leave school at 15, before taking these exams, almost none goes on to college. This is the reservoir that the "university of the second chance" was supposed to tap. One of the sketches designed for its publicity campaign shows a worker bent over a lathe, with the caption: "In three years Jack Shaw will be Jack Shaw, B.A." But the publicity campaign ran out of money and the poster wasn't printed. And somehow there aren't many Jack Shaws among the entrants. Radical young lecturers, like Ed Hammonds who teaches political science at the Open, were "disappointed in the students—they're all self-consciously middle class." Most of them are people who did pretty well on their *first* chance—teachers, housewives with time on their hands, professionals. Dr. Walter Perry, the university's vice-chancellor, gingerly admits: "We may have failed to attract as many of the educationally underprivileged as we could have attracted."

Only about $72,000 was spent on selling the project to the public. Dr. Perry explains that as resources were scarce, something had to go. It was decided that a full-fledged appeal to the working-class audience, with billboards and spots on prime time radio and TV, would be too expensive. The priorities were recruiting a first-class staff and renting buildings for local tutorial sessions. Besides, he adds, "We are a community of academics, not sales managers." Maybe so, but

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the fact that the university is still on probation may have had a subtle influence on their attitude toward advertising. As one lecturer told me, "When you have a highly motivated student body with some previous study experience, your dropout rate is likely to be lower."

Even with its present social complexion, the university without walls is still providing degrees for people who couldn't or wouldn't otherwise get them. Most dramatically, this is true of the twenty-two long-term prisoners who are taking courses this year as part of a pilot study. But it is true also for people like Mrs. Gillian Gunner, an attractive young systems analyst with only one GCEA qualification, or for Michael Young, a bearded 25-year-old assistant in the Picture Library of the London *Times*, who has none. Young left school at 15, "when I could not have cared less about education," and during the past years has regretted his decision. "I have always been interested in art, but to work in a museum or gallery I will need qualifications. . . . If I had left getting qualified much later, I would have felt a failure." Mrs. Rae Taffler, a tiny woman with a limp, left school some sixty years ago at the age of 15. "I have always been interested in new things . . . and was very happy and excited when I was chosen for the course. . . . As a member of the Fabian Society for forty-five years, I am glad that I have lived long enough to see a time when education is available for anyone who wants it." Some students, like Keith Elliston, a 41-year-old accountant, and David King, an electronics engineer, were attracted by the novelty of the approach. King puts it this way: "If you have specialized for a number of years, you realize how narrow you are. What interests me about this science course is that it is general. But I might have to think again if it turns out to be boring."

The university's most powerful tool for retaining these students and for broadening its audience is its TV broadcasts. The staff insists that there is no telling what a couple of years of such exposure will do to break through the traditional working-class indifference to higher education. Michael Drake, the professor of sociology, says: "You can imagine, then, people turning us on, perhaps by accident, and thinking 'Blimey, if that is social science even I can bloody well do it!' "

The first course broadcasts, transmitted on January 10, illustrate some of the problems which the academics will have. Ironically, the first of these, the social science program, presided over by Professor Drake, appears to be least likely to hold the attention of a Sunday morning audience or to attract new students. This lecture, though clear, concise and informative, failed to make use of the immediacy of the medium. By contrast, the second broadcast, that of Prof. Michael Pentz of the Science Department, showed how even the simplest props can be used effectively on TV. He provided his audience with action and variety in presentation. Of course the tall, lanky 46-year-old professor's appearance and friendly, informal manner helped a lot. (These dons must learn to be television personalities.) Standing in front of a print of Galileo performing his experiment to refute Aristotelian physics, Pentz repeated the essentials of the experiment, rolling a child's rubber ball downhill, checking its speed with a stopwatch. Later in the program a railway car's wheels and tracks, and cylinders of various sizes and weights were used to demonstrate the various rules governing the movement of bodies under the force of gravity. Never explaining the principles behind the experiments, Pentz left his students to form their own conclusions.

The mathematics lecture, which followed was probably the most academically and technically ambitious of all. The department has apparently written its own textbook for this new all-maths course, and the presentation was equally novel. Using clever animation, flashing lights and neat electronic devices, Professor Bruckheimer and his colleague described the nature of functions. However, the course was clearly not aimed at the novice. The concepts introduced were far more complex than those presented in the preceding programs, and I found myself more caught up by the devices than by the substance.

The questions which emerge from these first three lectures are those which beset this mass-education project as a whole. Just how much previous knowledge can you presume on the part of your audience? How much can they learn, and how fast? The situation is further complicated by the fact that most lecturers never see their students. Hence the need for the 250 local centers for tutoring and counseling, with their own part-time staff of 2,000, and the residential summer schools which each student must attend for about two weeks a year. The students also have their half-hour "Open Forum," weekly on the radio and monthly on TV, to discuss problems. In addition, correspondence kits contain continuous assessment forms, mostly computer-marked. In fact, this project probably makes greater use of computers than has been attempted before in education. Most students will probably have more contact with them than with any human component in the system. The closest personal link to the student is his tutor, who sees him for forty-five minutes a month in the company of about twenty other students. How much can the tutor take in, or get across, when, as appears to be the case, he hasn't been told what's expected of him or what the general aim of the course is to be? This lack of close communication between its various levels is one of the Open University's most vulnerable points.

In spite of universal gripes about the communications problem, all the tutors I spoke to were "very impressed" by the correspondence materials. The educational technologists have really had a field day. For obvious reasons, the 36-pound science kit is the most ambitious. As one spokesman put it, "You can't learn science just by watching a few hours of TV." So, before the first course broadcast went out, most of the 7,000 budding Galileos had already received a package containing, among other things, a rubber ball and a stopwatch, to try out the experiment at home. For the remaining 600 science students, Professor Pentz, formerly senior physicist at the European Organization for Nuclear Research, Geneva, had a sad tale. It seems that some of the manufacturers hadn't come through with their orders in time, and others had sent defective kits. The fact that the second of the university's radio "Open Forums" was devoted mainly to Professor Pentz telling his students what to do "if your microscope doesn't seem to work . . . if your color slides . . . were

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ruined by the damp" set an ominous precedent. But it is typical of the ingenuity of this shoestring operation that a miniature vacuum cleaner was included in the kit. Evidently, some shrewd scientist had bought up a job lot of these unsalable items as a cheap substitute for a home vacuum pump.

The experimental university probably has as many observers as students. Educationalists from all over the globe are watching this proving ground for untried theories and techniques, noting their applicability to home problems. Representatives from the University of California, from the State University of New York, with its seventy campuses, and from the governments of Israel, Australia and Nigeria have visited the headquarters at Milton Keynes. India has already announced that it will establish a similar system, Mexico's "Teleuniversity" is in preparation, and Japan's carbon copy of the British model is to start in 1972. If the university succeeds, some of its techniques may also be applied to Britain's tradition-bound universities.

Britain is now facing an acute educational crisis, in addition to its chronic problem of working-class wastage. Even if the percentage of high school students entering college remains constant, their numbers will double within the next ten years. The existing universities cannot cope with the additional students, and at least two new institutions would be needed. The Open University provides a cheap way out, which the government has not been slow to recognize. With the present setup, it costs only one-tenth as much to educate a student via the airwaves as it does one at a conventional university. If the dropout rate were to prove as high as, say 80 per cent, the cost per graduate of an Open University degree would still be half that of a traditional degree.

In view of the shortage of places in ordinary institutions for qualified 18-year-olds, the Tories have asked the university to consider admitting some youthful full-time students. Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, the Minister of Education, has also suggested that the university consider "increasing its revenue with a view to limiting" public expenditure—in other words, increasing the tuition fees. For the present, tuition is only $60 per annum. The Open has agreed to come up with some answers within the next six months, and it is generally reckoned that they will agree to one or both proposals. If the university reduces the number of places available to mature people without GCE qualifications, in order to admit some teen-agers who have them, it will jeopardize its status as a second-chance university. It may come to be seen as a machine for churning out degrees for second-class students who couldn't get into conventional universities, rather than an institution offering a unique kind of higher education. On the other hand, if the government is firm, the university has little choice in the matter. Unlike the other British universities, which are protected from political pressures because their financial support comes through a buffer body, the Open gets its funds directly from the government.

One of the gloomiest prophets of the Open University is Eric Robinson, a Labour Party member with twenty years' experience in adult higher education, who has written widely on the topic. From the very beginning, he criticized Wilson's "superficial solution to the problem of bringing higher education to a working-class audience." The system was "inevitably socially selective": first, because it catered only to people studying for degrees; second, because its approach was too academic; and third because its staff was recruited from the existing universities. In Robinson's view, the sort of education provided by Britain's universities was disconnected from the lives of ordinary people. "It seeks to immerse them in a culture alien to that of their background." Choosing, for his example, the humanities course, he noted that they had decided that D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* was appropriate literature for working-class people because it was about coal mines. "But everyone knows that's not what real coal miners are like; it's too romantic. . . ." The proper approach would have been: "Let's start with your perception of the world, and proceed from there." That is the attitude he expected from all the courses. Turning to Professor Pentz's science program, he pointed out that when rolling some cylinders down a track, the professor had said something like, "Now let's see which one wins the race down the hill." "You can't talk that way to a garage mechanic," Robinson said indignantly; "you can only talk that way to a child." When I asked what he thought of the proposed policy of admitting qualified 18-year-olds, Robinson laughingly replied, "These institutions have a natural tendency to revert to type. . . . They'll end up with a full-time residential university up at Milton Keynes."

Not surprisingly, when Robinson appeared on a television program with Dr. Perry (the vice-chancellor) and Professor Pentz, a couple of months ago, the argument became heated. "Backstage, after the show, Dr. Perry, in a fit of anger, banned me from the campus of the Open University. . . . You know, that's quite a concept, when you stop to think of it—to be banned from the campus of the Open University." Reflecting on Robinson's mind-boggling experience, just how will a university of the airwaves provide for campus revolt, sit-ins and other requisites of contemporary university education? □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Because Edward Albee's latest play, *All Over* (Martin Beck Theatre), is one which many people may have trouble appreciating, I feel constrained to begin by saying that it is the best American play of several seasons—a manner of speaking of which I disapprove! The play comes to us, moreover, in a remarkably fine production, one that is so much a part of the total impression of the event that one is not sure in discussing it whether one is referrring to the text or to its stage embodiment. John Gielgud as director has given Albee his most thoroughly realized interpretation.

To quote one of the characters in *All Over*, Albee is shocked by the "sad and shabby times we live in." Though wholly immersed in the present, he appears to be withdrawn from it, to set himself apart. He "alienates" himself. *All Over* seems written from a tomb, a world on the other side of existence. Its people, though recognizably contemporary, produce the effect of wraiths recalled from a bygone life. The play conveys an existential shudder which has its origins in the soul's dark solitude.

The theme is man's relation to death. Americans tend to shy away from the very thought. When death is dealt with on our stage it is nearly always in a sentimental, pseudo-religious or sensational vein, any of which betrays evasion. This indicates a spiritual error. Death is a definition of life, and life is made precious by an acknowledgment of its containment within the bounds of death. Maturity is possible only when death is fearlessly confronted and freely accepted. Without such acceptance, life itself ceases to have dignity.

All Over is a view of American life (or certain salient aspects of it) in the perspective of death. A wealthy lawyer —many honors have been bestowed upon him—has been brought home to die. "Brought home" not only because he is said to prefer dying there than in a hospital but because for many years he has been living with a mistress and

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away from his home. The play takes place around the unseen deathbed. Gathered there are the man's wife, his mistress, his son and daughter, a lawyer who is his best friend and partner.

Little love is lost among them. The wife is contemptuous of her children. The son is a weak incompetent, rapidly going to seed; the daughter a venomous woman who is having an affair with a racketeer. She scorns her mother, who despises the daughter for her crude impatience and failure to understand the older generation's way of life. The daughter hates the mistress because, so she rationalizes, the mistress has robbed her of her father. The mistress, a sturdy counterpart of the more delicately fibered wife, is strong, realistic, unsentimentally humane. There is a bond of understanding and sympathy between the wife and mistress because they have shared a love for the same man. The best friend is an average intelligent citizen who tries to mediate in the family's contentions.

The play offers little of what is usually called "action." Instead, there is a constant revelation of character and idea through the interplay of motivations and the clash of temperaments. At first one tends to see the play's personages as heartless and loveless, hence unworthy of interest. There is a steady exchange of insults, with the daughter pitted against both mother and mistress. There is also some acid scoffing about the son: the rich boy spoiled by paternal indifference and a cushy job in his father's firm for which he has no particular aptitude. Only the old doctor and the attending nurse, both of whom have long lived with death, are entirely without rancor or despair. The characters reminisce (there is a passage about a garden that should be abbreviated); they joke, indulge in trivialities and engage in an exchange of barbed sentiments as if they had forgotten that they are in the presence of death.

Listening attentively, as one must to understand this largely verbal play, one comes to recognize that it contains not only feeling but pathos all the more poignant for its severe repression. Albee is saying that, despite all the hasty bickering, the fierce hostility and the mutual misunderstandings which separate us, we need one another. We cry out in agony when we are cut off.

On close examination, the bitterest dramatists today prove to be the most moral. Albee condemns the vulgarity of an age that refuses to perceive the sanctity of the human condition and the responsibility for mutual respect. Instead of struggling for balance amid the conflicting drives within us, we retreat to hypocritical subterfuges. Albee decries the younger generation not for its well advertised "sins" but because it refuses to comprehend the validity of tradition which the past has so valiantly fashioned to convert chaos to order. He also accuses the older generation of having depleted tradition of its content by neglecting to persevere in the arduous task of maintaining it. Tradition has been reduced to the mouthing of its nomenclature: loyalty, honor, home, country, etc.

So much may be agreed upon in the abstract. But what about the play itself? It is not important in this instance that, as some insist, the dying man be seen. His person is not the issue. All we need to know of him is the part he played in the history of the living: the two women who loved him, the children, his friends. The play is their drama, not his. Nor does Albee mean to "move" us in the sense of eliciting tears. (Art is not for crying.) He wants to show how these apparently cold and selfish people, the damage of their souls expressing itself in malice, sum up their experience in a confession of searing unhappiness and sense of loss when their connection with a fellow human being is severed.

It is a stylized play; its characters do not speak "naturally." The language is that of an artist who sees things through the peculiar spectrum of his brooding spirit. His is a frozen fire. No one else in our theatre writes in this particular way. That makes Albee truly original.

I must cavil, in passing, on a matter too often overlooked in the consideration of theatrical events. The choice may be no one's fault, but the Martin Beck Theatre is too large for so intimate a play. Unless one is sitting up front, one is likely to miss important points in the closely woven fabric of the dialogue.

John Gielgud has staged *All Over* as a "ritual." This treatment is not arbitrary; it is suggested by Albee's style and meaning. The setting, which might have been realistic (a paneled bed-sitting room, tapestried walls, family portraits, etc.), is admirably rendered by a sepulchrally diagramed space, bare of everything but indispensable furniture, in which the figures stand out in emblematic isolation.

The pace is deliberate rather than "slow," with every phrase carefully shaped in congruence with Albee's writing, a vernacular artificial as verse is artificial. It is the prose of a man who desires to restrain the too overt expression of the extremity of his passion and pain and yet purposes to be stringently honest. A strange wit flickers over the dark background.

The acting company is well chosen. There are no bad performances. Colleen Dewhurst as the wise and earthy mistress is seen here to better advantage than perhaps ever before. Betty Field as the nurse manifests a delicate and charming astringency of humor. As the wife, Jessica Tandy possesses the right air of intelligence and breeding, together with inner firmness. Madeleine Sherwood is somewhat more adept at conveying the daughter's resentments than her hurt. (Her voice carries best in the large house.) Neil Fitzgerald as the doctor, James Ray as the son, George Voskovec as the best friend bring to their assignments something more than skill.

Gielgud has not attempted to make his players "profound"; he has sought to present them in sharp outline. The play's transcendent message is thus projected in a memorable pattern or picture. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The exhibition at the Whitney Museum called "The Structure of Color" (until April 18) is one of several recent shows on the theme, including "Color and Field 1890-1970" (Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo) and "Two Generations of Color Painters" (Institute of Contemporary Art, University of Pennsylvania). They are all about Abstract painting, though in no case does the title say so. To understand these shows one must remember the attempt that is being made to appropriate the term "Color Painting" for one style of painting. The name is ridiculous (what painting is without color?), but it derives from an idea that the works so called are more fully color than other pictures because they have nothing else (no symbolism, no drawing, no tonal shading).

This reduction is part of an evolutionary view of art that has become firmly attached to Abstract painting. The theory was codified by Clement Greenberg fifteen years ago with the argument that it is the destiny of each art for its practitioners to make explicit that which is "unique and irreducible" to it. If this is construed as referring to the medium of each art, painting is uniquely definable, pure, in terms of "the flat surface, the shape of the support, the properties of pigments," especially when applied without the hand pressures revealed by brushwork. It is Maurice Dénis' 1890 definition of a picture—"essentially a plane surface covered by colors arranged in a certain order" braced by a tight view of history. If Greenberg is to be believed, the art of painting has reached a critical point of development; historical awareness now requires pictures that conform

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to a certain "purity"; without references, outlines or shadows.

This reading of art history since Dénis in terms of a chain of channel-conscious artists is built into the literature on the painters associated with Greenberg (Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, Jules Olitski), but other artists seem to accept it, too (Frank Stella, for example). Stella noted once that "I had to do something about relational painting, i.e., the balancing of the various parts with and against each other." He doesn't say why he had to, but the reason can be presumed to lie in the historical situation. If an artist believes it possible to identify his historical position, his role, while living it, the implications are considerable. Art produced with this conviction is a crystallization of historical awareness, of the artist's estimate of his bearings in time. The act of painting becomes problem-solving in an arena witnessed by all who share the same predisposing view of history. For an artist working in this way, meaning no longer functions as a unique property of individual works; it resides in being historically right, not in expressing something.

Barnett Newman listed as distractions for the artist in the 1940s "memory, association, nostalgia, legend, myth," and Mark Rothko followed in rejecting "memory, history or geometry." However, Newman painted "The Stations of the Cross" and Rothko, at the end of his life, made fourteen paintings for a chapel (*The Nation,* March 15). The generation of artists born after Newman and Rothko, in the 1920s and 1930s, wanted and achieved an art without grand symbols or great topics: they realized literally the verbal program of Newman, Rothko and Ad Reinhardt. The first Abstract painters, Kandinski and Mondrian, had cosmological ambitions, and their colors, once you know the code, are easily read; the Abstract Expressionists retained contact with humanist traditions, though less naively, through a form of existentialism. The generation after them, however, is resistant to any affiliation with art's traditional link to "great thoughts." Robert Rosenblum has tried to fill the resulting content gap in the case of Frank Stella by relating his "icy colors" to the mechanized environment, but the returns on the idea are not great.

There is a drama in the production of younger artists' Abstract painting, but it comes from the artist's sense of time. The painter assesses his place in tradition and gambles on what is historically logical. If the works intersect with the historical imperative, he will have succeeded. Thus works which the artists themselves, in their statements, discuss pretty much in terms of technical problems and decorative solutions, take their place in a view of history. One reason probably that Greenberg's Marxist notion of art history has adhered to Abstract painting is that it provides a kind of humanistic rationale to an art that has forsworn it in its usual forms.

Marcia Tucker, who arranged "The Structure of Color," avoids the narrow-mindedness which is the immediate result of deterministic art history, but she has been unable to discover a thrust in any other direction. Without the historical imperative, what does a theme show on color in Abstract painting amount to? In "Color and Field 1890-1970," Priscilla Colt based an exhibition on a chronology from Maurice Dénis, no less, to date, and in "Two Generations of Color Painters," Stephen Prokopoff made a disciplined choice from the crowd available. Mrs. Tucker, on the other hand, has had trouble in focusing her show, to judge from the catalogue text which includes too much eulogy and art appreciation. Art appreciation, by the way, whatever its origins may be, has come to mean benign recitals of the virtues of *parts* of pictures, as in "the large, woven color areas become shapes, so that the two cannot be distinguished." And eulogy: "Williams uses decorative color in what he calls a 'narrative' or 'mythic' way, more closely related to the art of Egypt or Africa than to that of the Symbolists or Fauves." The only austerity in the catalogue is Mrs. Tucker's refusal to illustrate it, since "black-and-white is of no value in the given context" and expensive colorplates would be undemocratic because unevenly distributed.

It is too bad that the catalogue is written as it is, because a problem does exist; and Max Kozloff once indicated it neatly in the title of an essay: "Venetian Art and Florentine Criticism." A part of his point was that we have a better vocabulary for describing linear and plastic aspects of painting than we do for color.

The word "structure" in the title of the present show raised hopes that Mrs. Tucker would at least try to bring to color some of the discriminations that we can make in, say, the area of geometric form, but she does not. In fact, we need more than a transfer of precision from the description of form to that of color, though that would be a start. We need a different way of discussing the work of art as a whole. We lack a general theory of art as a unified object, as a kind of organization that cannot be apprehended by the isolation of its parts. Line, form, color, iconography, are subunits within the work of art, and their isolation frequently detracts from paintings more than it illuminates them. □

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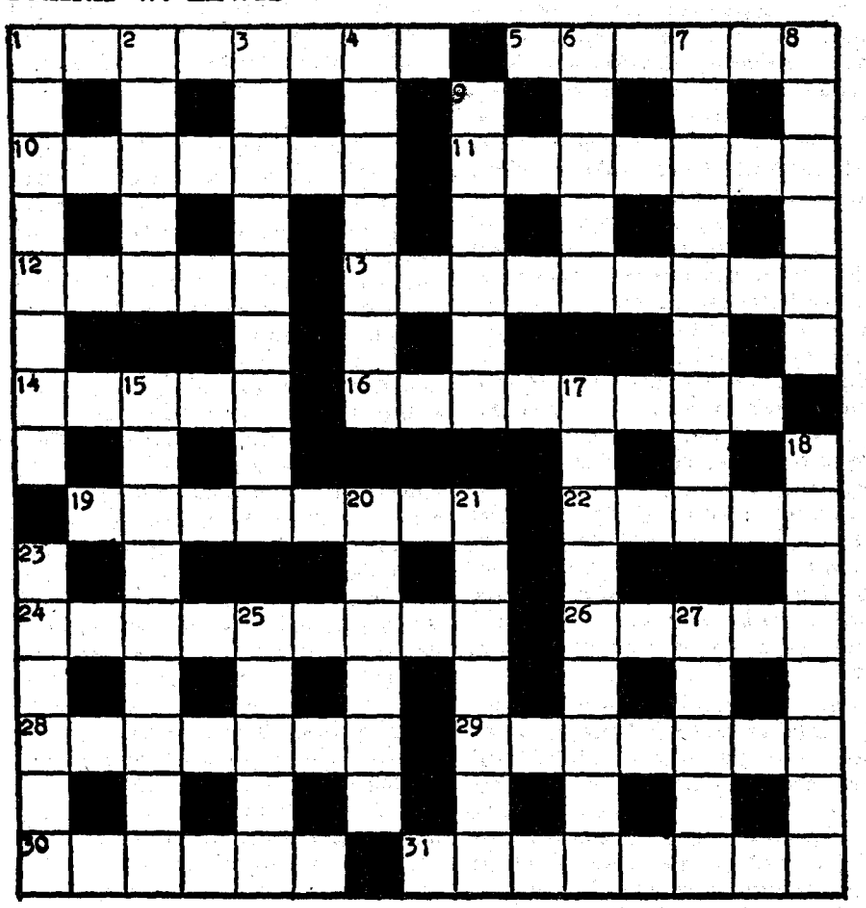
Crossword Puzzle No. 1389

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 31 How to adapt yourself to the vicissitudes of the Danish and a drink from the bowl. (4,4,3,5)
5 See 2 down
10 Somewhat diminishes the enthusiasm, as a barrier to writers. (7)
11 They didn't board singly! (7)
12 By the sound of it, you run away with a couple of nuts! (1,4)
13 Said to be sent off in a hurry. (9)
14 Trees cut short. (5)
16 Bad news might be, unfortunately. (3,2,3)
19 Plow horses, such as Washington finds in Buffalo, Savannah, Burlington or Geneva. (4,4)
22 What an article on the ego might emphasize as a subject. (5)
24 A sailor and a saint in the protector of sea-going types. (9)
26 Not so many were confused after a loud start. (5)
28 Courts in early New England? Things are bound to be! (7)
29 There might be a number in print, e.g., *errata*. (7)
30 Shadow forecasters? (6)
31 See 1 across

DOWN

1 Concerning misgivings with part of the defense. (8)
2 and 5 across As an entertainer, one is bound to go under! (5,6)
3 Where a G.M.T. product might be part of the fare? (5,4)
4 Those who try out canopies? (7)
6 A source of coal and ammonia compound. (5)
7 The category with tea one might expect at school. (9)
8 About the team—it's at least live! (6)
9 Talked—to get attention, perhaps? (6)
15 One must to the raw gem in 3 down, but not with the front burner! (9)
17 How to make pets different from the pace-setter? (3,2,4)
18 Perhaps painting up inside where the roosters sit, according to the poet. (8)
20 Silent form of what some joiners do. (6)
21 Sort of masculine for an author and his output. (7)
23 Where the stock might be kept without fluctuation. (6)
25 The table might be set for the fish course. (5)
27 One doesn't drink on this. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1388

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Beyond the pale; 10 Ourselves; 11 Rural; 12 Hayseed; 13 Sleeper; 14 Sprat; 16 Air strike; 18 Contended; 20 Swath; 22 Noetics; 24 Earners; 26 Unite; 27 Emphysema; 28 Rightly; 29 Redeye. DOWN: 2 Early; 3 Overeat; 4 and 18 Divide and conquer; 5 Tests; 6 Earnest; 7 Agrippina; 8 Enlarge; 15 Rendering; 17 Red pepper; 19 Evident; 20 Sprayed; 23 Seedy; 25, 9 and 21 Every dog has his day.

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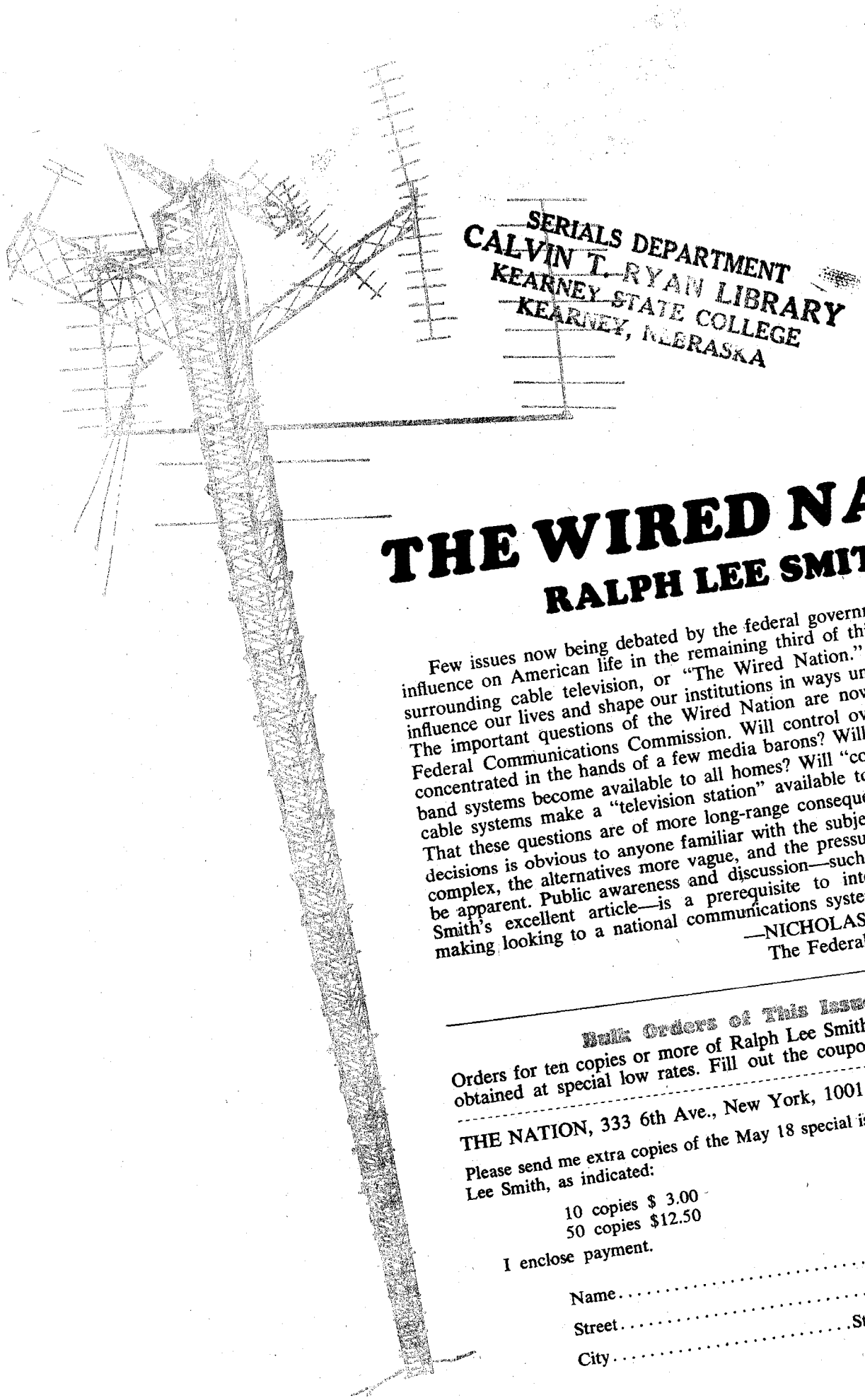

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THE WIRED NATION

RALPH LEE SMITH

Few issues now being debated by the federal government have more potential influence on American life in the remaining third of this century than the issues surrounding cable television, or "The Wired Nation." Communications systems influence our lives and shape our institutions in ways unlike any other technology. The important questions of the Wired Nation are now being considered by the Federal Communications Commission. Will control over cable television become concentrated in the hands of a few media barons? Will two-way, switched, broadband systems become available to all homes? Will "common-carrier" channels on cable systems make a "television station" available to all who want to use one? That these questions are of more long-range consequence than conventional FCC decisions is obvious to anyone familiar with the subject. That the issues are more complex, the alternatives more vague, and the pressures more intense should also be apparent. Public awareness and discussion—such as will be produced by Mr. Smith's excellent article—is a prerequisite to intelligent government decision making looking to a national communications system for the future.

—NICHOLAS JOHNSON, Commissioner,
The Federal Communications Commission

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